Toronto Saturday Night.

Vol. 3, No. 17 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1890. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 121

Around Town.

An outrageously untrue statement, originating in Toronto and largely copied through the United States, respecting the conduct of some young men at the last Government House ball here, deserves the specific denial of all the Toronto papers. The story was no doubt written by a man who believed that he was telling the truth, but he made the not uncommon error of failing to verify what was related to him as a fact. One of Toronto's evening papers then copied the article, apparently without making any investigation. I am assured by the one who reported the proceedings for SATURDAY NIGHT that there is not a word of truth in the article complained of, and Commander Law has brought such evidence before the general press that there is no doubt that the thing was not an exaggeration, but purely a fabrication. I am not fond of vice-regal splendor and have always been an advocate of abolishing the mock courts which have been such a heavy burden on the taxpayers of the province and the Dominion. The expenditure is paid by the many while the entertainments are for the benefit of the few, but aside from my objections to the institution I dislike beyond expression to have it announced to the world that the youth of Toronto cannot refrain from drunken orgies if invited to share the hospitalities of Government House. The story alleges that not only did these young fellows become intoxicated, but tore off the Lieutenant-Governor's coat-tails, pelted the other guests with eatables and rendered Commander Law *hors de combat* by hitting him with a bottle, or something of that sort. A pretty picture this for a Toronto newspaper to present to its outside readers who are unaware of its falsity! By the time the story reached Chicago a large number of the young fellows were described as having been arrested and only saved from prosecution by the earnest solicitation of the Lieut.-Governor, who desired to avoid scandal. In New York the further adornments of the tale made it a still more discreditable portraiture of our civilization. When it reaches England a Benwell murder will have been committed in the butler's pantry, and when it is circulated in the Australian press, a general slaughter of the guests will probably add to the interest of the entertainment. I have no doubt that the story as first written was believed by the writer, but certainly more care should be taken even by the enemies of the system, that while they are battling against an undemocratic expenditure they shall not sin against their city and country as those did who started this outrageous tale which has not for its foundation a particle of truth.

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Mr. Craig of East Durham has introduced into the Local Legislature an "Act respecting the language of instruction in the Public and Separate Schools." It provides that English is to be the language of the school", that no other language is to be taught, that teachers are to be able to speak and teach in English, and that when a pupil is unable to understand English, explanations may be imparted in any language which the pupil is able to understand. It also requires that the school inspector shall report all cases of other languages being used, and that the penalty on the teacher who shall be guilty of a wilful violation of the act shall be disqualification for teaching in any Public or Separate School in the province. In order to provide a temporary arrangement for the benefit of the schools in those parts of the province where another language than English is taught it is sought to be enacted, that until the Legislature shall otherwise determine, such other language may be continued for one hour per day as the trustees may direct, provided that the instruction given in such other language shall not interfere with, but be in addition to, the course of study prescribed for such schools in Ontario. The bill also provides that only such textbooks shall be used as are authorized by the Department of Education, and such special instruction shall be confined to reading, grammar and composition and shall be given to only those whose parents and guardians shall request it. If the trustees of any school shall fail to comply with the provisions of the act, after notice has been given them, all public money shall be withdrawn from such school. It is to be regretted that Mr. Craig, who is the author of this bill, is not likely to be in the Legislature after the end of the present session. Party necessities—that is the necessities of the wire-pullers in East Durham—prevented his renomination. Loyalty to his party prevented him from accepting the nomination tendered him by the Equal Rights Association, and the public services of Mr. Craig in the Provincial Parliament are drawing to a close. It is a pity that small-minded and unjustifiable ambitions should interfere with the nomination of proper persons to represent us. If such nominations are not made—and too frequently both parties disregard the fitness of men in their efforts to unite the party and preserve their power—of course it is impossible that good men shall be elected. Mr. Craig has done good service. The bill which I have outlined is one which deserves to become law, though it is likely that Mr. Mowat will insist upon doing things in his own way. It is but another lesson that if a man desires to retain popularity and position he must not be found interfering with the prejudices or even the profligacies of others. The man who succeeds best is the one who cares but little for the public, very much for himself and is continually eloquent in his protestations that nothing is so dear to his throbbing heart as the unity, peace and prosperity of his beloved country.

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The acceptance by Emperor William of Prince Bismarck's resignation impresses me as being exceedingly wise. The idea has been prevalent throughout the world that Bismarck has been the real ruler of Germany. Had the Emperor waited until the Chancellor died in order to disabuse the minds of his people and the foreign powers of this belief, the trial might have come at an inopportune moment. Just now the young Emperor is believed in because he has shown himself capable of managing his own affairs and of influencing the affairs of his neighbors. At best Bismarck could have lasted but little longer, and the removal of his unbending will and iron hand from the control of German politics would have been the work of Providence rather than of the Emperor; therefore it would have been considered as a misfortune, not as a part of his policy. While emperors last, while empires exist the strength of the system must be in the concentration of public faith in him who controls the destinies of the nation. There was never but one man who could truthfully say: "Without me ye can do nothing," and He was God as well as man. Great poets, great statesmen, great philosophers, great generals have lived and died and the world has turned upon its axis without a jar. Germany will continue to be great while its people are great while its Emperor does not forget the wisdom and policy of his ancestors. And he will have great advisers so long as he desires them, for the greatness and wisdom of German politics did not begin nor will it end in Bismarck.

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Our threats of tariff revision have stimulated the Congress of the United States to prepare a bill of reprisal. If passed it will injure certain Canadian industries, particularly that of the Canadian hen. But in spite of reprisals we shall continue to grow barley and find a market for it and eggs will not be laid in vain. If, in their wisdom, our rulers intended to change the tariff, they should not be deterred by any threatening motion of the Congress of our neighbors, but tariff tinkering and the attempt to fix our import duties so that everybody will get rich, must some day have an end. We can do without the market of the United States, but we should have some little advantage in the market of the empire. We can do very well without special privileges to the south of us, but we could do infinitely better if the Motherland and the other colonies gave us a little bit more kindly treatment than is given to strangers who do not love her and do not buy her goods except on compulsion.

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Sir John astonished the country by announcing, on Tuesday last, that the canals and locks of the St. Lawrence and the chain of communication between the great lakes would be enlarged sufficiently for vessels 270 feet long and of 14 feet draught, within the next three years. If ocean steamers could come up to the wharves of Toronto what a tremendous impetus it would give to our trade! The meaning of Sir John's declaration is somewhat short of this, but it will not be many years before Toronto, instead of Montreal, will be the head of ocean navigation.

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The ignominious result of Mr. Massey's libel suit against the *World* should teach rich men who are anxious to be advertised as generous that they will have to do something more than make promises. But few men add to the brilliancy of their lustre in a libel suit. If a man's character must be endorsed by the verdict of a court before it will pass current, it is wisest to keep quiet or pay cash and make no attempt to work the promissory scheme.

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There is one thing I do not like about the Don improvement agreement with the C. P. R. and that is the provisions for referring so much of our business to the Railway Committee of the Privy Council. Why should not our bargains with the railways be definite? Toronto always gets the worst of all deals which go to the Railway Committee for settlement and that alone explains the eagerness of the C.P.R. to have such an arrangement. Futhermore, why do we settle the Don business before the Esplanade matter is decided? Is it wise to throw away the leverage we have in the possession of the Don when we need everything available to force a proper settlement of the whole matter?

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"There is nothing clearer in natural law than that sons inherit from their mothers. I know of only two cases in all history where an able man had a father superior in brain and energy to the mother—Martin Luther and the present King of Prussia." Mr. Stewart, a character in Harold Frederick's story In the Valley, now running in *Scribner's Magazine*, is made to give expression to this sentiment in 1757. Mr. Stewart, on viewing the imperious and evil-tempered conduct of a son of the woman whom he once was anxious to marry, is congratulating himself that after all he did not get her, for the nature of the mother must have been like that of the boy. Though the loss of his Jacobite sweetheart broke his heart and drove him to America where he lived a secluded life, its philosophical reflection caused him to say, "Perhaps it was all for the best."

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The suggestion offered by this paragraph set me thinking. There is certainly much truth in the assertion. I would be much obliged if the kind ladies and gentlemen who have signified their intention of contributing to the Correspondence Club would turn their thoughts and investigation in the direction of heredity both as regards clever men and women. As far as my experience goes clever women are nearly always the offspring of clever men who seem, as a rule, not to have been blessed with clever sons. If my correspondents will quote all examples within their personal knowledge, not necessarily for publication but merely to fortify or combat the idea advanced by Mr. Frederick, I think we shall be able to have a very interesting paper on the subject.

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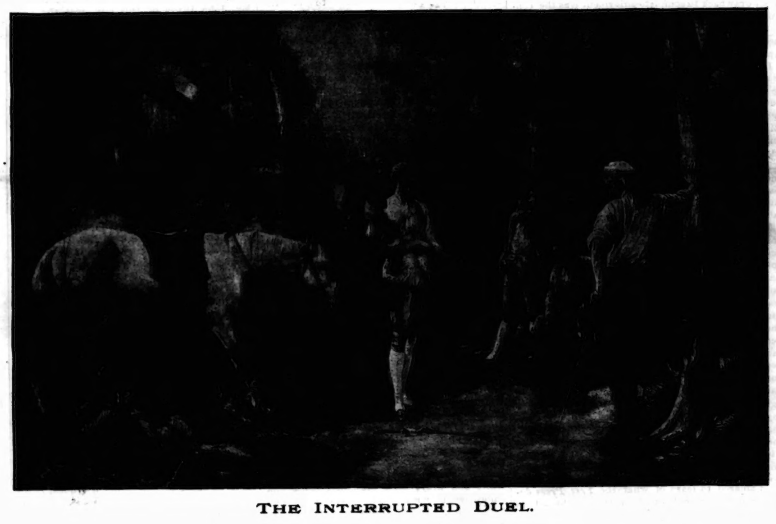
DEAR DON,—I have been, and am, a reader of your first page in SATURDAY NIGHT, and am an admirer of the style in which you deal with current topics, particularly politics and social happenings, but would in all humility—and with due respect for your opinions as a mortal—take the liberty of suggesting to you the advisability of restricting your propensity for inculcating and promulgating shock ideas in reference to orthodox religion. Have you ever thought on the possibility of your being wrong in your ideas concerning hell? Let us suppose for a moment that you are wrong. Cannot you see what follows, if the Bible is correct in one thing, why not in another? If there is a hot hell, and you teach the doctrine of a comfortable hell, are you not ensuring to yourself a place in the bottomless? You surely must admit the Creator has a perfect right to dispose of the created as seems fit and proper. Would it not be more conservative and the eminently safer course to live in the belief of an orthodox hell, and especially one so easily avoided simply by faith in the redemption, rather than to live a life deserving of a hell, supposing th re was one. It seems to me rather impertinent for us to sit in judgment on a soul—to say whether it shall be consigned to heaven or hell. Let us rather strive to make our calling and election sure, not worrying over predestination, which may be a doctrine that we have not the brain to understand: but living a life of trusting faith in the Omnipotence of Christ to save to the uttermost us who may not be among the fortunate elect, for I cannot see that it follows that the non-elect are elected for hell, unless duly qualified by neglect to look at the brazen serpent, which is raised aloft throughout civilization, or otherwise accept Jesus of Nazareth as their Saviour, whose righteousness is now at our credit.

QUIXOTE.

My dear Quixote, I publish your letter, not because I think you make any point in it, inasmuch as it largely appeals to my fear, and I have gotten over that so far as an orthodox hell is concerned, but because I want to tell you that I believe a man cannot be a good Christian and even suspect, not to say believe, God capable of such atrocities as you think possible. I do not, my dear sir, desire to rob you or your orthodox friends of your hope of hell. You are welcome to all the comfort there is in it, but if you really think there ought to be and is such a place I am afraid that the harboring of such thoughts will unfit you for any society except that for which you imagine hell to be designed. My dear sir, you ask me if I have ever thought of the possibility of my being wrong in my ideas concerning hell. I have. I have endeavored to imagine a Creator who would provide such a place, and the attempt has always resulted in such a feeling of horror—not horror of the torments but horror of the imaginary creator of them—that I had either to abandon my belief in the God of revelation or the hell of superstition. I am prepared, though not in these columns, to uphold my belief in revelation and my disbelief in the orthodox hell; the two do not conflict. You suggest that if I am wrong in my belief I will go to hell. This would be a nice way to treat a man who cannot believe with other people. Because I cannot endure the thought that anyone would torture me and billions of others for endless years, as I would not torture a fellow-being for sixty seconds, is the humanity of my ideal to be the death-writ of my soul? You ask: If there proves to be a hot hell after I have taught the doctrine of a comfortable hell I am not making my calling and election sure in the former place? I have not taught the doctrine of a comfortable hell. "Hell" is a Saxon word which means to cover up, to bury. If any man can be comfortable in the idea that when he dies he is to go down in the earth and rot there like a beast, and be comfortable in the thought that he will never meet his loved ones again after they kiss the death-dew from his lips, he is not fit for anything but to manure the earth. You ask me if I do not admit that the Creator has a perfect right to dispose of his creatures as He sees fit and proper. No, I don't admit it. If he has created me with those faculties and impulses which make me as I am, or, according to Calvinism, has predestinated me to either eternal torments or everlasting happiness, I have a right, if I am thrust into the bottomless pit to make its sooty caverns ring with my shrieks of Unjust! Because I am the father of a son does it give me a right to beat him, to torture his flesh with hot irons, and to make his life miserable? Surely not! We punish such conduct most severely. I believe in God and His goodness, that He is everywhere and always just and loving, that He controls everything, that every mercy is from Him, that whenever we are saved from sin or suffering He rejoices, that when we sin and suffer it is because we would not obey the laws which we can understand, and wilfully and with our eyes open accept the penalties which we could foresee and avoid, and He is sorry to see us act so foolishly. You may ask me then, why do infants suffer? It is because they do not understand, because of the laws that the parents have violated—which are a part of nature—which when violated bring a quick and definite punishment for every violation. It is because if there was no suffering there would be no joy, if there was no pain there would be no happiness, if tears did not sometimes fall the sun would never seem to us so bright. The suffering and death of babes is hard for those who love them to bear, but it is nothing like the fiendish thought which I have heard advanced by a Calvinist preacher, that hell is full of babies not a span long. If there is any good to be taught by suffering which can be no warning because from it there is no escape, I would like to have it pointed out. You suggest to me that it would be "more conservative and safer" for me to live in the belief of an orthodox hell than to live a life deserving of hell supposing there is one. No life could be so vile as to deserve the orthodox hell and I hope mine is not quite as bad as it might be. If I only did what I thought was "safest" and only said what was "safest" in these columns, I would be a poor guide and would lie in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if I were to judge safety by the mean standard which you urge upon me. I am not looking after such safety; I am seeking for truth, for in truth there is always safety. I believe in an orthodox hell were consistent with any impulse in me or any properly regulated mind I might struggle to believe in it, even if I sweat in horror to think of the one who created it. But it is not consistent with any good thing there is in me and it is an infinite exaggeration of the very worst things in me. You urge upon me to make my "calling and election sure." My dear friend, I am trying to. I know I do so many wrong things and so few good ones that when the books are being balanced if I try to make a bargain with God I shall get the worst of it, but I don't imagine that my Heavenly Father would think any more of me because I believed and taught that he was a more frightful tyrant than the world had ever produced, nor would He make my sentence lighter because while I lived and erred I had been nudging my neighbors and telling them to beware of hell. I am not worrying, my dear Quixote, over predestination. It has never lost me a minute's sleep. It may be, as you say, a doctrine that we have not the brains to understand. I for one admit that it is. Most certainly it is a doctrine which I have not the ferocity of heart to accept. Your letter is such a thorough exposition of the average belief, of the average misunderstanding, of the average ignorance of God that I am glad to have received it and to have an opportunity of publishing it. The exhortation "to live a life of trusting faith in the omnipotence of Christ" will meet with the reprobation of theologians who tell us to trust in God and to be careful not to pray to Christ lest we diminish the office of the Father. If you believe in God and trust in Him, do not waste any of your time in trying to believe in the Calvinistic hell. The moment you drop that you will love God and revere His Son a hundred fold more than you do now. My dear friend, let me tell you that men are not now saved by looking at the "brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness," nor are they impressed with the analogy between that and the raising of Christ on the cross. Leave out the brazen serpent, leave out the flaming hell—an idea which you or your teachers got from Milton and Dante rather than from the Bible—and look directly at the beautiful life, affectionate words and loving deeds of Christ himself. Look at the lovely earth which God gave you to live upon and which mankind is trying to spoil, and looking upon that picture, if any thought of hell comes to your mind, if any suggestion of the necessity for a hell either for you or others crosses your thoughts, if the benefit of torment for those you do not like or that He may not like wells up in your heart, you may be sure that you have not yet been warned by that sacred and immortal spark which dies not when we die, that animates the soul and makes it fit to put on incorruptibility. I hope I have said nothing which will make you sorry that you wrote to me. I hope I have never said anything in these columns which will make anybody feel sorry at any time, because it may have influenced their belief. It is not because I am an unbeliever in the future reward of the good or the punishment and possible purification of the bad but because I am impressed with the wonderful, the unspeakable beauty of God that I try now and then to say something in defence of Him when orthodoxy is making it impossible for the grandeur, mercy and justice of His character to be understood or appreciated. I do not mean by this to convey the thought that I am particularly good, for I know that I am particularly un-good, and yet not bad enough for hell, but amongst my sins I do not reckon the frightful heresy of believing that God is more



THE INTERRUPTED DUEL.

cruel, relentless and blood-thirsty than the turbulent Hebrews who crucified his Son.

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From the many replies I had to my request for suggestions as to how a pleasant evening may be spent, I learn that almost everybody depends on the society of others for entertainment, and that they are accustomed to disappointment. Playing cards is a standard suggestion, not that there is much pleasure in it, but because it affords an opportunity for conversation. If those who meet together have nothing worth saying, and merely want to kill time, a game of cards is doubtless a good way of doing it, and talk of a very superficial and worthless kind may be promoted by it. But if there are even a few thoughtful people present, conversation may be started without the tiresome euchre or whist. If you desire the circle you gather about you to improve you, be careful in your invitations—bees do not find good companions in butterflies. If you are the host invite someone to give his views on a subject with which you have reason to believe the company is, or desires to be, informed. Articles in reviews or magazines are an excellent thing to bring up for discussion. Nothing can be accomplished without organization, and an effort should be made to have all those present familiar with some book or periodical which will furnish a subject. Kindred spirits do not all want to talk at once, nor is it necessary for them in a general way to be of the same avocation. Get a lot of doctors, lawyers or musicians together and "shoppy" talk is almost inevitable; have a company composed of all sorts, but able to meet on some common intellectual ground, and "the little eat, the little drink and the little talk" proposed by "Louise M——" will all be nicely flavored.

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Dancing, too, looms up in nearly every letter. True, my friends complain that it is unsatisfactory but all declare that it is necessary to "fill in." If you want to know about pleasant dancing evenings you will have to write to the editor of the society department, for I love them not. For those who wish to be gay and forget the sober things of life they are probably pleasing and useful, but it is an animal way of being happy, like the frolics of kittens and the gambol of lambs—I wish they were as innocent. Those who have told me that "kissing games" in a pinch are better than nothing, I think must have forgotten that this is not a child's paper. Kissing is awfully nice, no doubt, but publicity spoils it and promiscuity debases it. Music is apt to be tiresome when there is a whole evening of it and is often utilized as a cover for conversation which drops dead when the song or piano ceases. It is good for a change, but unsatisfactory for a diet. My suggestion then would be: Have a circle of friends who read something in common; be genially informal in your greetings, but, particularly among young people, punctilious in dress and politeness without making extravagance necessary; be plain and hearty in what you have to eat and drink, artistic but intelligible in your music, honest and considerate in your conversation. Let those who wish to do so wind up the evening with a dance or a game of cards, but do not permit either of them to become the business of the company or any section of it. If anybody recites keep him from doing too much of it and after the recitation talk of elocution and about theatres and what you have seen and heard. After your music, talk about music and musicians, but do not be cruel in your criticisms. If you have a clergyman present, ask him to give the most vivid impression any incident, audience or other preacher ever made upon him. Lead out others in the same way and you will have plenty of talk if you do not frighten your guests by seeming to follow a hard and fast programme. One of my correspondents suggested that every one present be made to sing a song, play a piece, tell a story or drink a glass of salty water. Of course I understand the meaning of the suggestion, but it is exactly the way to make everybody uncomfortable. Those who meet for a social evening know that they are expected to contribute to the enjoyment if they are able or feel like it, but compulsion kills every idea and freezes up the fountains of mirth. The suggestion that informality in dress is conducive to ease and freedom and pleasure does not harmonize with my ideas at all. Respect to your host and yourself demands care as to your appearance, and evening dress among men and the pretty toilets of women help to fill the eye with beauty. Slovenly people are always disliked, and those who imagine that jollity or intellectuality are assisted by careless dress make a mistake. In a new and busy country we are apt to be careless in such matters, but it is a necessary part of the education of all young people that they shall feel more at ease and sociable when well dressed than when otherwise. I am not presuming to lecture my society readers, nor do I suppose that what I suggest is not already the rule, but there is a queer Bohemian instinct among the most enjoyable people, which is averse to regard for appearances, and it is contagious. To my mind the highest type of Bohemianism—and it is a most enjoyable thing—is the disregard for conventionality in thought and conversation, while strict in the observance of all those things which make life most worthy, harmonious and beautiful, and consequently most enjoyable.

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Then there is the enjoyable evening alone or with "the one that we love best," be it maid or wife or mother, father, friend or brother. Who will write me something pretty about it?

D.N.

Social and Personal.

The day which witnessed what will be possibly the closing meet of the season, will be a day to be recorded in letters of red in the annals of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club. As everybody knows, Rathnelly is some way from town, and as all who have visited that delightful house can testify, the roads which lead to it when once the block pavement is left behind, are atrociously bad. The eccentric weather with which we have lately been disfavored, has, of course, left its marks on these same roads, so that on Saturday evening, one guest-bearing carriage, at all events, had but accomplished half the ascent of the Rosedale heights, when it stuck so fast at a place which the driver assured the occupants was in the road, but which the latter still think was in a ploughed field, that it had to be abandoned to its fate, and the climb continued by three unfortunates on foot. But fears of the perils of the journey can have deterred but very few, for the members and their friends who availed themselves of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr's invitation numbered some eighty persons. I believe since the inauguration of the club there has been no meet so large, while it seems to be the unanimous opinion of those who attended it, that its brilliancy and joviality is never likely to be excelled.

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Toronto possesses but few houses so admirably adopted for entertaining on a large scale as is the splendid residence of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr. There are not here many private houses with a room large enough to dine eighty people in comfort, but the billiard room at Rathnelly is such a one. With the best of artistic taste, this spacious chamber had been converted into a beautiful dining-hall, and here was served the meal which was called supper, but which could not be distinguished from a remarkably good dinner. At its close, in a speech which was admirably suited to the occasion, Mr. Kerr, as being the club's host for that evening, proposed the health of the Hon. Secretary of the club, Mr. Edin Heward, who has this week sailed for England. Mr. Kerr very fitly eulogized the work which Mr. Heward has done for the club this season, and alluded to his happy trans-Atlantic errand. Absent friends were so far from being forgotten that Mr. Kerr's reference to Mr. Fox, as to what the club owed him for his share in its organization and for his management during the last two winters, resulted in this gentleman's health being drunk after that of Mr. Heward, while both toasts were enthusiastically honored with music.

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The dance that followed was in all respects delightful. Mrs. Kerr's fine drawing-room is so spacious that her guests were not more than enough to prevent its looking empty, so that even the most careless waltzer would hardly be guilty of his usual collisions. The floor was as perfect as dancing floor can be, while the music was excellent in all respects. The one drawback to complete enjoyment was the consciousness that the evening was that of Saturday, and that the hours of pleasure must therefore be curtailed. Midnight approached all too quickly, but before it arrived most of the company must have reached their homes, for the descent of the steep hill was found to be a comparatively easy matter.

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Amongst those present were: Col. and Mrs. Otter, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Hill, Capt. Sparks, Miss Otter, Mr. Small, Miss Small, the Misses Beardmore, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Pauw, the Misses Yarker, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Watson, Mr. Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Miss Biggar, Capt. Evans, Mr. Lawrie, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Heinamann, Miss Cawthra, Mr. Eddy Jones, Miss Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Hoare of Winnipeg, Mrs. McRae, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mr. Christopher Boulton, Mr. Stephen Heward, Mr. Herman Boulton, the Misses Grace and Amy Boulton, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, the Misses Seymour.

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A paragraph concerning this season's ball at Government House, which appeared in the Ottawa *Free Press*, but which I have seen in the Montreal *Herald* and two American papers, contained news of that brilliant event, which was strictly "news" to myself and to everybody else who has read it and who attended the ball in question. Sir Alexander Campbell and Commander Law are alike amazed to learn of what the *Free Press* declared occurred to them that night. It is strange that a respectable journal should print a *canard* as widely improbable as it is absolutely foundationless and untrue, without taking proper steps to verify it. I will not give increased publicity to the absurd fiction of this sensational paragraph by further allusion to that portion of it; but I would inform the Ottawa *Free Press*, and all the journals that copied it, that the name of the *aide-de-camp* at Government House is Law, not Low, and that the guests at the state ball numbered not "five or six hundred," but a little over two hundred.

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Mr. David Macpherson of the North-West Mounted Police, who has been spending a short leave at Chestnut Park, returned to Fort MacLeod last week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Dacre of London, England, are staying with friends in Toronto.

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Mr. Hoare, manager of the Imperial Bank at Winnipeg, Man., has been paying a visit to Toronto.

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Mr. Alfred Watson of New York is staying with friends on Simcoe street.

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Mr. Justice Hamilton and Mrs. Hamilton of Port Arthur are again in town for a few days.

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Mr. L. A. Tilly has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mackelcan at Hamilton.

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Miss O'Brien of London, England, is staying with relations on Beverley street.

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The Misses MacDonald of Grenville street have returned to town after a prolonged stay in the Bermuda Islands.

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Mr. Grant Stewart of Barbord street leaves shortly for Washington, where he is to join Mr. and Mrs. Clay (Miss Rosina Vokes) and their company, to make his first essay on the stage, in high comedy and farce.

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The Messrs. Oakley of Portsmouth, England, have been staying with friends in town. These gentlemen left on Monday for the Southern States, where they are going to try orange growing.

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Mr. John Morrow has left town for a short visit in the States.

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Mrs. Bromley-Davenport of St. Patrick street gave an At Home on Thursday evening, of which more next week.

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Mr. Allen Gilmour of Ottawa was in town this week.

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Sir Donald Smith was in town at the end of last week.

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Mr. Ross of Tintagel, McCaul street, has left for Montreal, where he will reside in future.

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Captain and Mrs. Evans of York, England, who have been staying with relations in town, left this week for Montreal.

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Dr. Warren of Brooklyn, N. Y., was in town this week.

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Mr. Edin Heward left town on Wednesday for England. Mr. C. N. Shanly will act as hon. secretary of the Driving Club during the absence of Mr. Heward.

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Miss Laidlaw is visiting Mrs. Frank Mackelcan of Hamilton.

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On Saturday last Mrs. Nairns of Jarvis street gave five o'clock tea to a number of her friends.

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Mrs. Dwight of St. George street welcomed a large number to a luncheon party on Wednesday afternoon.

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Mrs. Foster of Wilton crescent entertained a party of friends on Thursday.

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The engagement of Mr. J. Langmuir to an American lady is announced. Mr. Langmuir was formerly a resident of Toronto and a general society favorite.

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Miss Caron of Ottawa is shortly to be the guest of Miss Arthurs at Ravenswood.

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On Tuesday afternoon last Mrs. Charles Riordan of Queen's Park entertained her friends at a most delightfully planned progressive luncheon. No men were present, and the ladies had a glorious opportunity to discuss the "humanities." The "progressive" part of the luncheon was a decided improvement, for the shifting about relieved the possibility of stiffness. The luncheon party was conceded by universal announcement to be the nicest one given in all the experiences of the guests. I have heard the wish expressed that this first progressive luncheon might not be also the last but only the beginning of a long list. The guests received tiny paper slips, on which the tables were represented by little dots of corresponding colors. The colors ran thus: red, gold, green, pink and yellow. Each table was completely equipped in its own color—flowers, dishes and sweets bearing their part in sustaining the table's tint. Red begonias, white lilies, foliage and ferns, yellow jonquils and pink roses were the respective decorations of the tables. At each course the guests moved to the tables denoted by the next dot on the unique little programmes of proceedings.

•

The ladies who were present were: Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mrs. H. Keble Merritt, Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mrs. Gamble, Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. W. Ince, Miss Arthure, Mrs. A. Langmuir, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. George Torrance, Mrs. McDougal, Mrs. C. Baines, Mrs. Irving Cameron, Mrs. Augustine Foy, Mrs. Totten, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Scarth and Mrs. Drayton.

•

Mrs. Riordan received her guests in an elegant gown of gray Irish poplin trimmed with steel passementerie; Miss Arthurs wore a tailor-made costume of dark blue, embroidered in black, large black hat with feathers; Mrs. Torrance, brown cloth and crimson silk costume, brown hat with feathers; Miss Bunting, dark blue cloth, velvet sleeves and trimmings; Mrs. McDougal, a white and gray gown, turban to match; Mrs. Langmuir, white and gray; Mrs. Crowther, black silk embroidered with gold, black and gold hat; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, terra cotta cashmere, velvet sleeves and point lace, bonnet of terra cotta, trimmed with jets of the same shade; Mrs. H. K. Merrit, brown and red combination, small red hat of feathers; Mrs. Willie Ince, black lace gown, bonnet of white and green flowers; Mrs. Scarth, brown costume with brown feather hat.

•

One of the most pleasant entertainments of the season was the annual dinner of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society at the Queen's Hotel, on Monday night, with President John McMillan in the chair. The company was large, and with song and speeches the evening seemed almost too short.

•

Mrs. Keble Merritt of Simcoe street gives three large dinners on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.

•

Miss Bain of Wellesley street gave a large dinner party on Tuesday last. Among those present were: The Misses Seymour, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Fred Beardmore, Miss Sullivan, Mr. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. D. MacMahon, Mr. Harry Gamble and Mr. Percy Manning.

•

Mrs. Cockburn gave a tea yesterday afternoon at her new residence on Sherbourne street.

•

Mrs. Coulson, 9 Wilton crescent entertained a number of friends at dinner last Friday.

•

An innovation we noticed this week was a matinee theater party given by Mr. Percy Manning at the Grand on Wednesday. Among the large number of Mr. Manning's guests we noticed the following: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Capt. and Mrs. McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, the Misses Seymour, the Misses Beatty, Miss Vankoughnet, Miss Montgomery of Port Hope, Miss Michie, and Messrs. George Vankoughnet, Casimir Dickson, D'Arcy MacMahon, Fred Langmuir, Charles Beatty and Ben Cronyn.

•

On Saturday evening last little May Durgan was unable through illness to play her part in Bootle's Baby. Rather than cancel the programme for the evening Mr. O. B. Sheppard got his little daughter, Miss Josie, to take the part. Though she had but a short time to learn the lines Miss Sheppard played the part of Mignon admirably, and in a manner which would have been very creditable to an older person.

•

On Saturday evening of last week Miss M. Michie gave a very enjoyable small musicale, the programme of which had, unfortunately, to be curtailed on account of the approach of Sunday morning.

•

Major and Mrs. Foster are leaving No. 3 Queen's Park and returning to Erlescourt, Davenport.

•

The engagement of Mr. William Hamilton-Merritt, to Miss Simpson of Bloor street is announced, and the wedding will take place at a date in the very near future. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hamilton-Merritt's interest in cricketing matters will not be any less in the future than it has been in the past, he having been the mainstay of the Canadian I'Zingari Club since its inception in the early part of the present decade.

•

Mrs. Jardine-Thomson is at present visiting her daughter, Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson, in Boston, where the latter is pursuing her vocal studies.

•

The members of the Argonaut Rowing Club had a jolly time on Monday evening when they gave their last smoking concert for the season. These affairs have been delightfully Bohemian in their character, and have contributed a great deal to the winter's pleasure of the members. The programme last Monday evening included songs by Messrs. A. G. and J. F. Thompson and Mr. Bromley-Davenport, a recitation by Mr. Pope, American Consul, a blindfold single-stick contest by Messrs. A. D. Cartwright and James Fraser, fencing by Messrs. Currie and Bacque, and boxing by Messrs. Oswald Brook and J. Davison. A tug-of-war between four of the Argonauts and four of the Toronto Football Team resulted in a victory for the latter.

•

Miss Maud Carter of this city sang most delightfully at a lecture recently given in Boston. Miss Carter's improvement has been very great during her winter course in that city.

•

Dr. W. A. Dixon, L.R.C.S., Edinburgh, son of Mr. John Dixon of this city, was the only Canadian who was successful in the recent examinations in London, England, for the degree of L.R.C.P., London.

Miss Agnes Knox.

On Tuesday evening a select audience attended the recital of Miss Agnes Knox in Association Hall. Miss Knox made her *debut* before a Canadian public a little over a year ago, and since then has won an enviable reputation in Scotland and England. This lady's stage manner is an essentially Irish one, and pleasing one. In appearance she is tall and slim, rather cold and dispassionate in feature, expression and coloring, but graceful in every movement. Prettily gowned in white silk, with a cluster of shaded red roses high on the left corsage front, wearing no jewelry save a small crescent pin, Miss Knox presented a charming appearance.

Her selections were of a good standard, and met with merited favor from an audience disposed to be critical.

Miss Knox has a rich voice of good range and medium power. The charm of it lies in an honest ring which surprises one with its perfect sympathy and freedom from staginess. Enunciation, accent and gesticulation are decidedly good. Voice and facial muscles serve in most cases to give the effect desired, but upon occasion Miss Knox does use her arms with the utmost decision and grace. The programme included By the Alma, Love in a Balloon, Platonic, the Street Arab's Christmas, Scene from Hamlet, the Knight and the Lady, Cleopatra's Protest, and Song of the Canteen, while by request Lasca was added, and the ever-pleasing Jiners did encore duty.

In Cleopatra's Protest Miss Knox rose with fire to the fervor demanded, and I think the audience fully appreciated the indignant drawing up of the slim figure, the proud disdain and the consequent relaxation when the Sorceress of the Nile, wearied by her passionate defence, leaned back with pallid face and desperate eyes.

Entirely in another strain of feeling was the story of the young and foolish ones who swore eternal fidelity and simply Platonic friendship. Tonic usually proves exciting, and it was with winsome coquetry in face and tone that Miss Knox told their story, laughing merrily with her audience at its not uncommon ending.

In the Street Arab's Christmas much sympathy of voice and good expression of feature directed the pathos of the story to the hearts of the audience.

Were I to criticize, I should say that in some instances the facial expression was cast in too pleasing a mold, varying insufficiently during the change of dialogue and feeling.

Two tricks of manner, pretty in themselves, may weary one if too often repeated. I refer to the passing of the fingers through the loosened strands of hair above the right ear and a restless movement of the hand when resting at the left waist line. Miss Knox is under the management of Mr. Percival V. Greene of the Academy of Music.

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Costume Effects.

"It is a very wise girl who, when the occasion permits, dons a rough or manly style of dress and brings into contrast dainty feminine hands, feet, and forms. That is why we slide down the toboggan; that is why we climb in the summer and row, and even shoot. Isn't it! Blanket coats and Esquimaux caps! Short skirts and heavy boots! Leather cap, leggings, and corduroy! Yes, it is!

"There are three ways of dressing. Each, if consistently carried out, attracts in its own way by its peculiar suggestiveness. There is the close fit, with everything trimly buttoned up; the little stiff shirt front, collar and cuffs; the whole toilet suggesting a precision which a touch would imperil, and guaranteeing an unhandled, unapproached, and provokingly self-possessed personality.

"In contrast to this are the soft draperies, following the natural lines of the form; the hair loose or half caught with a drooping flower; the shoulders hardly held by the lace drawn over them. There is no exposure, yet everything seems unstudied. There is a seductive, self-conscious insecurity about it all. At a touch the draperies would unwind. A kiss would bring the hair down. The fact that both hold their position guarantees that neither touch nor kiss has come; but it would be so easy—ah, well!—and it is all very attractive.

"Then comes the careless, lapped-on and no-matter-how-it-looks toilet. The blouse waist is donned for comfort and the straight full skirt for convenience. The round throat is bared that breath may not be fretted. The ankles are untrammeled by a long skirt that the wearer may move with freedom. Everything suggests a warm, vigorous, well-put-together being, the sort of wholesome humanity whose beauty and strength are really adornment enough, and whose well-blooded health is best suited in homespun or holland. Study your individual style, girls, and dress as best suits it; but remember in the suggestion which a dress conveys lies its charm."

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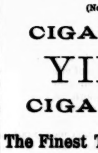
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Boudoir Gossip.

"What are those women crowding about that window for?" asked a despiser of fashions as we walked up Yonge street a few days ago. Now, my feminine readers, was that not a real "man's question?" Would not any woman have known? Pitying him I answered gently: "Easter bonnets." Why, of course. Are not three-fourths of the women spending one sixteenth of their time in comparing tints, imagining shapes and dreaming of materials? Are they not joyously fancying they see before them the bit of completed loveliness in the very choicest combination of the rare beauties which fashiondom has forwarded us this spring?

The sheer, transparent goods are welcomed, for they show off with such naturalness the hues and shapes of the flowers, resolving themselves into deceptive landscapes, waving branches and far-off hollows and hills. What is more true to nature than heaped-up tulle or deftly arranged crepe, behind the glowing or pallid flowers.

We all love flowers, I trust—most women do; but there is just a wee chance of being carried beyond simplicity's boundary line by too liberal a use of them. Let us love them and cling to them, combining them with a due regard for Dame Nature's own excellent arrangement, than which art can never be more beautiful.

"Aren't rubbers horrid?" complained a rosy cheeked miss as she settled herself into a restaurant chair, and looked to a young friend for sympathy, while her mother read the bill of fare with a practised eye. The consoling answer was emphatic. Mother was still busy, and the first speaker went on: "They come loose at the heels, and then they go slip, slide, slish, scrape—" "My dear!" admonished the gentle-voiced mother. Had she not interrupted, those suggestive words might have gone on suggesting the erratic movements of the untrustworthy foot-gear. She was right in disliking them, for of all uncomfortable wearing apparel, a pair of ill-fitting rubbers is surely the most provoking. I think we wear rubbers too often, depending on them to prevent our feet chilling, instead of upon sensibly thick-soled boots. A rubber foot-covering holds the moisture from these active members, rendering them susceptible to draughts and weakening the circulation.

Little ones do look cunning and demure in long gowns and coats, but I cannot help pitying them just a little for the dignified additional inches which Madame Fashion has ordered. If children cannot romp and run, what is to become of them? Will they ever live to be men and women? Perhaps so; but what women they will be. Ungainly and half-formed physically, over-stimulated mentally, they will drag out weary lives, a burden to themselves, no blessing to others. Give the children a chance, dress them as plainly as possible, as neatly as you please, but allow them the freedom of their arms and legs, let them run and shout by all means, for without health a life is only half worth living and death a blessing in disguise.

Some wise woman defined the age-limits between which the feminine creation might with impunity wear black. A woman under twenty and over fifty was wise, she judged, in garbing herself in the sombre hue. Between those ages she suffered for either her ignorance or disdain. That it emphasized the fairness of the skin she admitted. That it betrayed the existence of every line and shadow she averred. So, my friends, who have a fondness for the stylish dignity of black, you must not wear your wrinkles with your black gowns.

This morning I was admiring a skirt section pleated in the newest and most approved manner. This latest wrinkle is nearly akin to the accordion method of appropriating numberless yards of goods. It differs in the manner of disposing of the wrinkle. In the accordion the pleats stood out fiercely. In the Parisian they lie flatly upon occasion, and adapt themselves to bands with much more discretion.

One feature of the new dress goods is the indistinctness of coloring shown in the goods proper and the decided tint of the woven elaboration, in either border or general pattern.

The newest way of perfuming your belongings is to use a dainty French trifle in the shape of a perfumed pencil. You write here and there names, scraps of verse, scribbled nothings and so forth on the inside of your gowns, and from the pencilled words comes the pleasing aroma of your favorite flower.

From the New York *Sun*, I clip the following: "This is the time of the year when the young woman with a complexion makes you conscious of it by walking around with her head muffled up in a veil, so that the March winds may not reach it. What a goose she is! If she wants to keep her skin in good condition let the sun and the wind alike kiss it, cast aside the veil, and have a tonic three mornings in the week, of a teaspoonful of sulphur and molasses."

I think that is hard. It is not the "complexioned" girls who wear veils. It is the poor desperate ones, who never were proud of their tinted faces, that veil themselves most assiduously while the March winds play the customary havoc with brows and chins which had "just begun to look decent." I am very fond of the bright days; but I can get all the blessed sunshine which I find becoming through a real thick veil.

CLIP CAREW.

A Heaven on Earth.

Mrs. Gushing—Oh, I am so charmed with your beautiful home, Mrs. Quiverful. Such a beautiful house, and such pleasant surroundings! And then such daughters, too. I hope the young ladies realize that their home is a perfect paradise."

Uncle Jos (a mean old thing)—Oh, they live up to it, Mrs. Gushing. I assure you there is no marrying or giving in marriage here.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Erie Railway Flyer to New York.

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A Child's Idea of God.

A little girl in Los Angeles, whose family was about to move to Arizona, and who had heard that country spoken of as a forlorn and particularly God-forsaken place, was saying her prayers at her mother's knee the night before their intended departure. She said all that had ever been taught her, and then, with peculiar emphasis, she said: "And now good-by, God, for to-morrow we are going to Arizona."

How She Fell.

A little girl of tender years, who had been attending one of the public kindergartens, fell from a ladder. Her mother caught her up from the ground in terror, exclaiming: "O darling, how did you fall?" "Vertically," replied the child, without a second's hesitation.

Other Duties.

Sister Goldbug—Ise berry sorry, bre'r Whitetop, ter see yo' comin' out o' dat saloon.

Brother Whitetop—Can't help it, Sister Goldbug. I'se can't expend all my time in dere; I'se got ter go home wunce un er while.—*Jury.*

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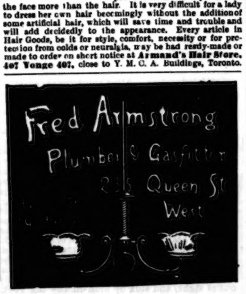

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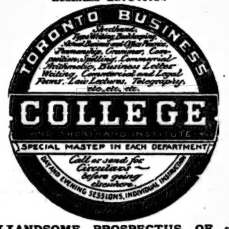

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SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

A CLEVER WOMAN.

The young mother had always resolved that no sad face should be brought within sight of her boy; but some hot tears fell upon the sleeping child as she bent over his cot that night. This was the first quarrel she and Bertie had ever had, and long after her husband was asleep, Lina was still wide awake. She felt miserable; but she was convinced that she was in the right. Bertie had gone too far, and her patience was exhausted. Never should Mrs. Nevil enter her house!

Breakfast the next morning was far from being a cheerful meal. Errington was gloomy and dissatisfied, and, on going off to his office, he omitted the ordinary good-bye kiss.

"I shall be at home at four o'clock to introduce you to each other," were his parting words; but Lina made no response.

Left to herself, she sent a request to her cousin Dane that he would come to luncheon; and, when the meal was over, she proposed that they should go out together to see some pictures.

"Hardly any one knows I am in town," she said, in answer to his reminder that it was her day at home; and so to the galleries they went, and the afternoon passed very pleasantly.

When they returned home, she found cards lying on the hall table—Mrs. Nevil had called.

"Yes; master was at home," said the servant, in answer to Lina's inquiries. "He went down to the carriage door to speak to the lady, and then they drove away together. Master left word he wouldn't be home till the evening."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Errington. "Tell cook no dinner will be required, as I shall dine at Mrs. Martin's. Dane, I am going to Auntie Helen. Will you come?"

Trescott looked at his cousin with an anxiety he did not care to conceal. He too had seen Mrs. Nevil's cards; but, though he disliked the lady in question, the circumstances of her calling hardly accounted for the curious paleness of his cousin's face.

"You are not well, Lina," he said. "Let us stay at home with Syd."

Lina roused herself and shook her head impatiently.

"I am quite well, Dane. Tell your master," she added to the maid, "that I shall be in by nine o'clock."

The little Kensington home proved such a haven of peace that, dreading the coming storm which she knew to be inevitable, Lina delayed her departure, and it was nearer ten than nine o'clock when she at last reached home. Trescott had almost guessed the true state of affairs, and pleaded hard for admission, but she dismissed him at the door, and went up to the smoking-room alone. Her husband had returned, and was waiting for her.

Then the storm burst; for Errington was desperately angry. What reason could Lina give for flatly disobeying him? She had put him in such a predicament that he looked like a fool! Mrs. Nevil had been kind and friendly to him during his wife's absence—any one would therefore have imagined that that wife would have been properly grateful to her; but instead of which, she must needs take the earliest opportunity of insulting her! Lina's silence only irritated the husband, and the scene finished by his striding out of the room and going off to his club.

Early the next morning Miss Martin was astonished by Lina's rushing in, flinging her arms around her neck, and bursting into tears.

"What is the matter, my pet? Is Bertie ill, or the boy? cried the bewildered old lady.

"Oh, no, auntie—they're all right! Only I am very miserable!"—and Lina sobbed passionately.

Miss Helen held her niece in her arms and soothed and petted her until the tears ceased to flow and she was able to speak. Then Lina explained the cause of her grief. Bertie had forgotten all about her during her long absence from home, and had fallen in love with a Mrs. Nevil, who was a designing woman whom Dane would not know. Bertie had insisted that she should receive her, and, as she had very properly refused, he had been terribly angry, and they would never be happy any more.

After much patient questioning Miss Helen at last understood what had actually happened but she rather disappointed poor passionate Lina because she did not respond with loud lamentations. On the contrary, she laughed at the girl's doleful prophecy, and then said briskly:

"Oh, no—it is not so bad as that! But you and Bertie have both been very silly!

Mrs. Bertie Errington drew herself up in dignified disapproval.

"Yes—both of you!" continued the old lady. "Bertie was impulsive and most inconsiderate; you were very silly in riding the high horse. He behaved very badly, I admit, in trying to force you to know some one of whom you dislike approve. But so long as you do know her no harm can come of the flirtation. Don't you see that, Lina?"

"I will never know Mrs. Nevil, auntie!"

"Don't be obstinate, dearie—I know something of the lady."

"From Dane?"

"Yes, from Dane. She is rather an objectionable woman, but not nearly so black as she has been painted. She is very attractive and fascinating, and it was certainly brighter for Bertie to be with her than to be sitting alone at home."

Lina walked to the window and stood looking out, trying hard to keep back her tears.

"Well, it doesn't matter," she said airily, after a pause; "I suppose we can behave fashionably as well as anybody else. If Bertie likes to go about with Mrs. Nevil, I can go about with Dane."

This last speech troubled Miss Helen. Many years before she had guessed the truth, and knew that Trescott's love for Lina had been more than that of a cousin. He had been too poor to marry her and too good a man unselfishly to disturb her peace; but, when, some five years back, the loss of his arm had procured him his discharge from the army at the very time when his father's death had made him a tolerably rich man, it was hard indeed to return to England and find Lina young Errington's bride. This secret was among the many Miss Helen's possession; and, although she knew Dane to be as true as steel, Lina's words were very distasteful to her.

"Ah, well," she replied, "I can understand what you mean! Dane Trescott is a finer fellow to go about with than Bertie Errington."

"Oh, no, he is not!" cried Lina hotly. "Bertie is the dearest and the best husband under the sun! Only he has been spoilt all his life, and wants a good shaking, I amusing. It all Mrs. Nevil's fault—not his!"

"Dear me," rejoined Miss Helen innocently, "I thought he was so 'unkind' and 'cruel' and 'heartless!'"

"Who? Bertie? Of course not!" exclaimed Lina. "He is not strong enough to stand against a woman who makes up her mind to captivate him; but I love him with all my heart!"

"Lina, come here!" said Miss Martin.

The girl crossed the room obediently, and knelt down by her aunt's chair. The old lady put her hands upon Lina's shoulders and looked at her with a smile.

"Now was I not right in saying you were a silly child?" she asked gently. "You love him, and yet you let him go! I never gave advice, as you know, dearie; but I will tell you what I was thinking the other day. Dane had been to a theater and was telling me about it. The story of the play was much the same as that which you have been telling me—it is an old one, Lina—and Dane told me that the wife went to the other woman and prayed to her, 'Give me back my husband!' the thought came into my head that, if I were a young and pretty woman, Lina, I would not beg for him—would not lower myself! I would not!"

Lina's face flushed deeply, and, after a long pause, she whispered—

"How?"

"If I had quarrelled with my husband about her, I would go home and make it up. Then I would call upon her and invite her to stay in my house. When she was there, I would trust to my own mother-wit and instinct for the rest, because it stands to reason that I should know and be able to study my husband's peculiarities and whims better than she. But there! I am a rude old woman to be talking like that! I dare say I should be as silly as any other woman!"

"Auntie Helen, you are a darling!" cried Lina enthusiastically, springing to her feet and giving the old lady a kiss. "I see what you mean—and I'll do it!"

When Bertie Errington went home sulkily that afternoon, expecting a cold welcome, he was agreeably surprised to find his wife smiling and prettily dressed. She greeted him warmly, and inquired tenderly after the headache that had been troubling him at breakfast. Little Syd's presence made awkward remarks impossible; so Bertie replied with a good grace, and, when she suggested that they should order the carriage and drive round the park, he promptly agreed.

This sudden change of manner puzzled him; but he decided wisely to make no comment on it and to follow his wife's lead. Of course she had seen that she had acted unjustly and intended to apologise.

She was looking so pretty as he followed her into the victoria that, so far from yielding slowly, as he had previously intended, he found it quite delightful to be in her society.

"And you are willing to be friends with Mrs. Nevil?" he asked hotly.

"I know her already," said Lina brightly. "I went to see her this afternoon."

"Well, you are a dear, darling!" cried Bertie rapturously. "And what did you think of her?"

"Yes, I went to see her," Lina repeated, ignoring his question. "I saw how aggravating and childish it was to object to some one of whom I knew nothing; so I called and explained my absence from home yesterday. And now I have a surprise for you. Guess what it is, Bertie!

"Haven't the faintest idea," he replied lazily, thinking what a charming and sensible wife he possessed. "Tell me what it is, Baby."

"Well," said Lina, as they entered the park, "should you not think I had made the *amende honorable* if I told you I have invited her to stay with us?"

"With us! How?"

"Yes! I found her in great trouble; her drawing-room ceiling has come to grief in some way, and she must have the workpeople in the house. Now one can't be without a drawing-room in May; so I asked her to come to us until her house was habitable."

"That was very charming of you, dear!"

"Not at all, Bertie—I love to please you!"

Lina felt she was a great hypocrite; but the drive was decided upon, and she told the "At Home" to which they went that evening a good many people whispered in astonishment that the Bertie Erringtons were as devoted to each other as ever.

People were even more astonished on the following afternoon when Mrs. Nevil and Mr. Errington appeared in the drive together, and the latter made a point of introducing her friend to his wife, and leaving them.

"Mrs. Nevil is staying with us at present," Lina informed every one; "you must call and see her."

For the first few days everything went so smoothly that Lina trembled for the success of her experiment. She had plenty of courage; but her position was very trying indeed. Only after night she found herself ignored in her own drawing-room, while the handsome widow spent her days in the young house. If was love-making—there could be no doubt about it. The gist of the whole matter—on Clara Nevil's side, at least—lay in the perpetual scarcity of funds. Bertie was handsome, and a hundred other luxuries in which her soul delighted were beyond her means; and, as the generosity of the young man of fortune was the most part dependent on their varying luck, it followed that Bertie Errington, with his careless good-nature and his wife's purse, was a friend worth having. She thought Mrs. Errington, with her gentle manner and innocent blue eyes, was merely a well-drilled doll who had been ordered to divide her.

At the end of a week Lina's arrival in town became generally known, and invitations poured in. They had refused to come to the house; and little Syd hated the newcomer so much that he cried in his most unmusical tones whenever he saw her, and was ordered by his father to be kept in the nursery.

On the first night of their going out, Lina was in her room dressing listlessly when her husband entered in a state of great perturbation.

"Have you seen Mrs. Nevil since she dressed?" he asked.

"No," said Lina wonderingly. "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough!" he returned, in a tone of intense vexation. "She is so frightfully *decolleté* that she would be marked anywhere, but it is the vilest of taste as we are going to the dean's."

The dean, who was giving the musical entertainment at which they were shortly due, was noted for the offending dress in the drawing-room below, his eyes rested gratefully upon his wife's pretty gray gown. "I did not know Malta had any work in it, Lina! You are lovelier than you were last season," he added; and the words were still ringing in her ears when they entered the crowded reception-room.

Bertie Errington was far from being happy that evening. He heard several remarks passed upon Mrs. Nevil's dress which were more distinguished for wit than for elegance; and she had a way of constantly appealing to him for an exchange of ideas on opinion which had the effect of making him look ridiculous.

"It isn't her fault, and she will soon learn tact," he said to himself loyally; but he could not help adding mentally that he was glad that Lina did not keep him in such a state of nervous apprehension.

"I think our friend shines more in home-life—don't you, Baby?" he asked naively, when Lina and he were alone.

The young wife made up her mind that there should be no more "home-life" that season; but she instantly undertook her rival's defence.

"Oh, do you think so?" she exclaimed. "I thought Clara quite a success to night. She tells me that people said such nice things to her!"

"And of her?" retorted Errington grimly. "Good heavens, Baby, what a gown!"

"Well, it was rather a bright red," Lina admitted; "but I thought you admired her taste!"

"So I do—in morning frocks," he said, feeling that he was driven into a corner; "but I think they harmonized better with her rooms than they do with ours."

"Then you would like me to have a morning-frock from her dressmaker!" pursued Lina recklessly.

Feeling vaguely that he was being laughed at, Bertie uttered a cross "Yes."

If he had seen her for only a few hours a day, Errington's admiration for Mrs. Nevil would in all probability have survived the summer; but, from seeing her every morning and night, it became a case of *toujours perdrix*. She was amusing and she flattered him—and these two traits in her character were decidedly pleasing when he first made her acquaintance; but the more assured her position became in the household, the more she presumed upon it. When Errington came in remnous from a tennis-party, it was not soothing to be told that Mrs. Nevil had asked that the dinner might be postponed an hour to suit her own arrangements; nor was it pleasant to find that a certain man whom he had blackballed at the club had been calling upon Mrs. Nevil. If he complained to Lina that the dinner hour at all events ought to be kept sacred, it was only to be met with the reminder that, as he had so anxiously desired Mrs. Nevil's acquaintance, they must both do their best to make her visit agreeable. The worst of the matter was that, the more disenchanted Errington became, the more his wife's affection for their guest increased. She began to imitate Mrs. Nevil's manner, and cultivated a peculiarly loud laugh that had always tried him in the original, but was absolutely repellent coming from Lina's lips. The young wife quoted her guest until the woman's very name became distasteful to Bertie.

"For goodness' sake, stop telling me what that woman has said, Baby!" he exclaimed at last, in desperation. "I am tired of hearing about her! When is that ceiling of hers to be finished?"

Lina's heart beat high with exultation; but she only said gently—

"Are you tired of her, dear?" And, grateful for his wife's forbearance, he was forced to confess that he was.

"This shall end at Ascot!" Lina said to herself; and, in fact, the matter resolved itself into a bet between her husband and Trescott. Nothing was more repugnant to her nature than the life she was now leading. Dane Trescott's kind grave face no longer brightened her eyes; of her boy she saw hardly anything; while the hardest of all to bear was the knowledge that Bertie was grieving over the change, and longing for a return of those quiet happy days when they had been all in all to each other.

"Bertie has been here asking me how to get rid of a visitor who has not the wit to see that she has outstayed her welcome," Miss Helen told Lina, with an elaborate pretence of not seeing behind the scenes. "He seems dreadfully miserable."

"Poor old Bertie!" sighed Lina, remorsefully. "Never mind, auntie dear—it shall end at Ascot."

Errington could afford neither time nor money to take a house for the race week; but he always managed to run down with Lina for the great day—and this year Mrs. Nevil of course went too. Lina had horrified her husband by coming down a little moment in a gorgeous pink dress; but, as she hastened to answer his ominous frown by telling him that it was "Clara's choice, and as that lady was standing by him, his objections could not be disclosed. On the way down he looked displeased and frequently spoke to Trescott; but Nevil appeared to be in the highest spirits, and took but little notice of him. Once arrived on the course, both ladies were surrounded by a crowd of the widow's friends; and, Lina enjoyed and depressed to take the slightest interest in the day's proceedings, Errington spent the morning lounging about by himself at some little distance from them.

The afternoon was not very far advanced when his arm was suddenly seized by a strong hand.

"Bertie," said the well-known voice of Dane Trescott; "I have been looking for you everywhere!"

"Have you?" returned Bertie listlessly. "What for?"

"What? Are you mad? Are you blind? Don't you see who is talking to Lina?"

Roused by Trescott's excited manner, Bertie craned his neck to get a better view of the group that was standing at some twenty paces from them.

"I can't help it, Dane!" he said bitterly. "They have a fast life, and Mrs. Nevil chooses her own friends, and she likes them; and Lina is almost as bad.

"But those people, Bertie! That woman with the black eyes and the man standing by her—they are"—and he whispered a couple of names in the younger man's ears. They were names that had been much known to the world at large through the newspaper reports of proceedings in the Divorce Court. "Don't you understand, Bertie? Disgrace yourself, man! They are cut by every one who has a character to lose, and there is Lina talking to them in full view of the grand stand! Won't you——"

Trescott stopped suddenly as Bertie, breaking away from him, pushed through the intervening crowd that fell back to right and left at the sight of his set white face until he reached the group and laid a hand upon his wife's arm.

"Lina," he said sternly, "this is no place for you! Come away at once! We must go home!"

Lina turned her stared bewildered face, and the woman Trescott had pointed out broke into a laugh; but Lina looked up straight into her husband's eyes and rejoiced at the expression of wrath she saw there. Without a word she turned to obey him: and, still retaining his hold upon her arm, Errington turned to Mrs. Nevil.

"We go home at once," he said coldly. "Do you join us?"

The low dark eyes he had so much admired had lost their softness and were flashing angrily as she answered him:

"I shall stay. By what right you assume that tone?"

Bertie turned upon his heel without replying either to her question or to Lina's whispered query, "Shall I not say good-bye to Mrs. Nevil's friends?" and was making his way in the direction of the entrance, when Mrs. Nevil hastened after them, her momentary anger successfully repressed.

"Don't go so fast!" she said querulously. "If you will wait half an hour, I will come too; but I won't be taken home like a naughty child."

"Did you know who those people were to whom you introduced my wife?" said Errington frigidly.

"Yes—I knew; but Lina didn't. It was a little bit of revenge on my part. She sought——"

"Lina"—there was a strange new tone in her husband's voice—"you go home to Mrs. Nevil. She is not returning with us."

There was a momentary pause, a hurried hand-clasp, an exchange of bows, and Mrs. Nevil was left alone.

Early that same evening Errington heard the sounds of romping and laughter issuing from his wife's bedroom. After spending a night in his own room, he had taken to wandering aimlessly over the house, feeling sorely contrite and angry. What a fool he had been! How could he have imagined that that detestable woman had any charm about her? And now the serious question was how far had she inoculated his wife. Was Lina really enamored of those loud gowns and fast ways generally, or was it merely a passing infatuation from which she would shortly awaken? Had she had satisfied himself that she had not the faintest idea to whom she had been chatting, the journey back had been passed in silence; and now he was longing for a talk with her, but felt too shamefaced to go to her room. The door was ajar; and at length the bright laughter of mother and child proved irresistible, and, standing in the doorway unobserved, he watched them. The room looked cool and inviting, with every trace of Ascot put carefully out of sight, and side by side in the big rocking-chair sat Lina and Syd, wearing the same white dresses in which they had greeted him on their return from Malta.

"There's papa!" cried the child suddenly. "Come in, papa!"

So Errington went in; and then he did the very wisest thing he could do in the circumstances by going up straight to the rocking-chair and kissing them both.

A happy hour followed for Master Syd; for, instead of talking "grown-up talk," both "papa" and "mamma" devoted themselves to him. At the end of that time the young gentleman was carried off to bed, and Errington sank down upon the couch.

"In all probability Mrs. Nevil will send for her boxes and things," he said abruptly. "If she should come here herself, I have told Mary to help her to pack, and to say you are engaged and cannot see her."

"Very well, Bertie," agreed Lina obediently.

"We have had a most wretched season, Baby," he went on—"there is no denying it!

"You"—with a quick glance at his wife—"you don't regret her going, do you, dear?

He spoke the anxious tone that touched Lina and checked the merry laugh that was on her lip.

"Not at all, Bertie," she assured him. "I do not like Mrs. Nevil, and I hate her friends and all connected with them. But you told me so constantly how much you admired her that I wanted to copy her as closely as possible, so that you might admire me too."

She looked up at him with a bright smile as he protested eagerly:

"As if I did not admire you a thousand times more than a woman like that!" he cried. "You know it, and you are laughing at me!" He knelt down at his wife's feet, and, putting an arm around her, kissed her. "You are such a clever little woman," he whispered, "and you look so pretty and—and so refined and gentle, that I am half inclined to tell you a secret." He glanced round the room, feigning a fear lest some one should overhear him, and then, putting his mouth close to her ear, said solemnly, "Mrs. Errington, I am more in love with you than ever!"

Twenty minutes later the husband and wife were turning over their invitations for that evening and deliating as to which they should accept. One house they decided would be too crowded, another would be too tiring, and a third was too far off; and at last they came to the conclusion that, as they were quite alone, they would for once give each other a treat and enjoy themselves in their own fashion. So they both stayed at home.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Cerar.—See Alexander.

Dungan—Erratic, gay and decisive.

Ulac.—Self-will, decided and vain.

Brownie.—Impetuous, merry and wilful.

Jo.—Self-reliant, original and unassuming.

May.—Earnest, thoughtful and affectionate.

Varnoldon.—Order, firmness and self-reliance.

Nip and Tuck.—Decision, freedom, and reserve.

Squaine.—Perseverance, vivacity and obstinacy.

Plucks, Hamilton.—Moody, vain, careless and affectionate.

Alexander.—Shrewdness, vanity, firmness and decision.

Zerar.—Gentleness, truthfulness and an erratic nature.

Jamaicuhee.—Ambition, vanity, self-reliance and energy.

Ina Gordon.—Pride, selfishness, reserve and determination.

Portia.—Sincerity, prudence and a thoroughly practical nature.

April.—Quietly determined, gentle, ambitious and a little vain.

Ax.—Romantic, wanting in energy, sincere and of variable temper.

Gertrude Ann, Kingston.—Decision, shrewdness and determination.

Magdelena, Lindsay.—Ambition, recklessness, decision and self-esteem.

Bob Bowers.—Energy, carelessness, originality and self-assertion.

Ego.—There is often selfishness at the bottom of apparent generosity.

Gay, Kingston.—Impulse, warmth of feeling, generosity and self-esteem.

Brownie C., Brantford.—Sincerity, prudence and much self-reliance.

Ninety-Four.—Decision, tenacity of purpose and geniality are displayed here.

Alice, Lindsay.—Perseverance and ambition are shown here. Consult your own tastes.

Quiet Dick.—A gay and imaginative disposition, self-esteem and little self-reliance.

Jean Jones, Lindsay.—Practical, self-reliant, decided and courageous, I should judge you to be.

Pura, Stratford.—Your writing shows self-reliance recklessness, ambition, self-esteem, vivacity and obstinacy.

A. U. D.—Your writing is wanting in any marked characteristic. Order and self-reliance are faintly indicated.

Cerar, Woodville.—Gay, genial, hopeful of disposition, disposed to be a bit of a trifler, impressionable and original.

E. Whitehead, Allandale.—1. Yes there is considerable merit. 2. Try the Week, and send stamps for return from here.

J. Howell-Cawthorne, Stratford.—This specimen suits me rather. It denotes frankness, candor, sensitiveness and sympathy.

Pauline, Hamilton.—Originality, sincerity, considerable firmness, fondness for admiration and a warm and affectionate temperament.

Helen F.—You should have written more than your name and the heading. I notice, however, determination, vanity and self-reliance.

Zulieka, Hamilton.—Calculating, self-esteeming and true in friendship. J. E. C.'s shows some firmness, thoughtfulne s reserve and prudence.

Inda Bee.—How in the world can you expect me to tell you what you are? Your writing shows vivacity, self-esteem, decision and originality.

Anxiety, Hamilton.—You should weigh the article filled, and then simply, I do not understand what you want to mean. You are probably practical, reserved, ostentatious and very firm and self-reliant.

Iago.—Candor, self-esteem, candor and a practical nature are indicated here Your circumstances, means and inclination are safer guides than one who could only suggest from one point of view.

Blue Bell.—Well, my dear little Blue Bell, you want to know what your writing shows. It shows a good deal of sense of heart, a moderately large opinion of Blue Bell, and a little too much carelessness.

Scribe, Winnebago.—No. 1. Self-will, vanity and indecision. No. 2. Self-esteem, much self-reliance, decision and ambition. No. 3. Impulse, generosity, candor, sensitiveness and conscientiousness. Scribe, use No. 1.

Cinderella, Owen Sound.—I like your writing. It shows perseverance, romance of feeling and much honesty. Brown's indicates a decisive, ambitious temperament, with considerable social inclination and some firmness.

Constant Reader.—This is such a common *nom de plume* that I shall pass over your letter. The writing shows sense in James and the date February 22. Your writing shows ambition, selfishness, penetration and reserve.

Plot.—Your writing shows energy, much variation of spirits, indecision and modesty. I could not tell you any thing which would interest you. Try some impetuosity, originality, self-will, energy and vanity.

Faust.—You cannot put your money to better use than to spend it in obtaining a correspondent. Your life has been so free from all study that I fear you will have difficulty in settling to it. I earnestly trust you will adhere to your good resolution. I do not understand that life can be a miserable failure. Throw yourself into study and determine to be a man. Your own inclination should guide you in the choice of a profession.

Annie Maud.—With all earnestness I would advise you to adhere to the rules which were given to J—, and to which you referred. If he knows that your friends over rule you in the matter of gifts he cannot accuse you, if in the future he would like to, of a bettering motive, but circumstances are almost laws. Write me again if you think I can be of assistance to you. I shall be glad to help you.

Farmer, Beaverton.—You are certainly very generous regarding the kind permission: "Pump in into me for all you are worth or do the other thing." I think I will do a little of both, and so vary the monotony. Decision, self-esteem, perseverance and a practical nature, are accompanied by candor in the highest degree and unparalleled generosity. Don't be so slangy next time you write.

Hawthorne, Belleville.—Many thanks for your kind note. I shall recommend the preparation, but I would like to see if it is not procurable here. I use glycerine and rose water, and find it excellent for keeping the skin smooth, but of course glycerine does not suit all skins. Write to me whenever you like about any matter. I shall be glad to hear from you. Your handwriting is very decided, that I may remember you. Your writing denotes symphathy, cheerfulness, a little carelessness, much self-reliance and tenderness.

Correspondents in General, Everywhere.—The frequency with which I must make the preparation, appear to answer "in your next issue," has prompted me to give a recipe for patience in this matter. A little thoughtfulness and charity should be added to natural kindness of heart, rub well together, stir in some common sense and apply the ointment to the wounded part that ilch. Speaking for my friends, I often come upon these requests when the "next issue" referred to is a fortnight or so old. There is a rule in writing to an editor that a letter was not meant for it does not hasten the reply, and crowds my pigeon-holes. Each letter is answered in the order in which it reaches me.

Happy Sevan.—No. 1. Candor, prudence and reserve. No. 2. Sincere, the happy possessor of tact and a merry disposition. No. 3. Dispense entirely upon the parties entering the contract. Firmness, self-reliance and self-esteem. No. 4. Vanity, ambition and cordility. No. 5. The discussion would take too much space. My own opinion is that your father knows best. Try and look at it honestly, and restrain yourself from raising the Ambitious, impetuosity and self-will. No. 6. I think not. Miss Albani was born in Chambly, Quebec. Impulse, moody temperament and much self-reliance. No. 7. As you seem to be an entirely happy one, for in it there is no home. No, she shares popular favor with many others equally good. Indecision, vanity and vivacity.

A Rapid Age.

"May I kiss you?"

"No, Mr. Simpson, I don't feel well enough acquainted.

(Interesting pause) "There, now; do you feel well enough acquainted?"

"Yes, George."

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In ordering mention this publication.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Herbert Denton paced up and down the small room that had been the especial sanctum of his brother-in-law, Tom Thorpe, his brows knit in perplexed thought, his fingers nervously rattling his watch chain. Jessie, his only sister, Tom Thorpe's widow, was sobbing on the sofa.

"Jessie, dear," he said, presently, "it is cruel to make you talk, but if I could only get some really clear idea of the business, I might, perhaps, help you."

Jessie sat up, and tried to still the sobs that the talk about her husband—not yet a month dead—had called forth. She was a woman with fair hair and blue eyes, and young enough still to make her deep widow's mourning doubly pathetic.

"About the house?" she said.

"Yes. You say it is almost paid for?"

"The price was six thousand dollars for the house and grounds. There is a very large orchard and vegetable garden, besides the garden in front. Tom was to pay for it just as he could, but not less than three hundred a year. We were so anxious to have a home of our own, Bert, that we worked very hard for it, and that is the reason I know all about it. I put all my writing money in, too; not a vast sum, to be sure but it helped along."

"And you are sure there were five thousand dollars paid to Mr. Paxon?"

"I am positively certain of it."

"And the receipts are lost?"

"Lost! Gone entirely. Bert, I never dared say it, for I cannot prove it, but I firmly believe Mr. Paxon stole Tom's receipt book."

"Why?"

"Well, he is a man who is not much respected, and there have been several stories told about him that throw a doubt over his honesty. Still, he keeps clear of the law. Tom took the receipts for the payments on the house in a small red account-book, that had nothing else in it. That day—no, I am not going to cry again, dear—that dreadful day, he sent word to Mr. Paxon that he would pay him five hundred dollars. He had sold a lot of wool, and I had two hundred dollars saved. I know he had it when Mr. Paxon came. Then there was that dreadful hemorrhage, and how could we think of anything but Tom for the next three days? But, Bert, Mr. Paxon was alone with him when he was taken ill, and gave the alarm. There was nothing to prevent his slipping the receipt-book into his pocket, and I believe he did it. It cannot be found, and Mr. Paxon would not dare to assert that he has never been paid anything but rent for the house, if he did not know I can not produce the receipts."

"H'm! Yes, I see! But one cannot accuse a man of such a crime as that without some proof."

"I understand that. I think he intended, if Tom got better, to pretend it was a mistake, or he might have meant to cheat him."

"Was there never any witnesses to the payments?"

"No. He would come over, or Tom would go to him and pay whatever we could spare. But I have seen the receipts often! And think, Bert, how that five thousand dollars would help me now!"

Bert did think of it! He was a young man who had made for himself a home in a Western State, over which he had asked his widowed sister to preside. He had come to her with open hands and heart, to offer a home to her and her two boys, knowing that his brother-in-law had lived upon his salary as a clerk in a wholesale house. But he had found that these two by close economy, by Tom's experiments in sheep-raising, and Jessie's contributions to magazine literature, had nearly secured a home of their own, when a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel had ended life for one, and left the other desolate.

Many long talks the brother and sister had about this cruel wrong pressing upon her, but arriving always at the conclusion that only the finding of the receipt book could help her. They were still talking, in the room that Tom had devoted to his wife's literary labors and his own business affairs, and dignified by the name of library, when Bert, pointing to the wall, said:

"Where on earth did you ever get that horrid daub, Jessie? What is it?"

"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," said Jessie, smiling. "It is a daub, Bert, but Tom was fond of it for the sake of his only brother, who painted it. Poor Fred! He imagined himself a great artist, and painted pictures a mile terrible. But after vainly trying to sell it, he gave it to Tom. It was a dreadful job to get it up, and you see it takes all the space on that side of the room. How we are to get it down is a mystery."

"Do you value it?"

"No! I scarcely knew Fred, who died ten years ago, and the picture is frightful."

"H'm!—I think I see a light!" said Bert, musingly. "Well, dear, as there is nothing to be gained by staying here, how soon will you be ready to go to Scrantonville with me?"

"I will begin to pack to-day."

It proved to be a tedious job to gather the household goods into traveling compass, to part off box after box, to take leave of neighbors, and make preparations for the long journey and new home. But Jessie found comfort in constant work, and the next week most of her packing was finished.

But the day before that appointed for their start, Bert sent for Mr. Paxon, to make one more appeal to his honesty. There was a long, rather stormy interview in the dismantled library, where only the huge painting and two chairs had been left. Bert had left the room, under some pretense of questioning his sister, and Mr. Paxon was peeping about in a Paul Pry way that Jessie had told her brother was habitual with him, when he made a discovery. There was an ugly space in a recess, where Tom Thorpe's stationary desk had stood for ten long years against the wall. Scraps of paper and string, torn envelopes, all the debris of packing, were scattered about, but wedged into the top of the mop-board was an envelope, almost concealed, that Mr. Paxon was sure contained an inclosure. Warily he crept up to it, seized it, and found it a sealed envelope, directed:

"*To Jessie, my wife. To be opened only after my death.*"

He crammed it hastily into his pocket, and when Bert returned took his departure. Something important must be in that paper, that had evidently slipped out of the desk when it was moved and escaped observation. But the disclosure was a startling one. Without any scrupule of honor or honesty, Mr. Paxon broke the seal and read:

"Dear Jessie,—It has been long known to you, dear, that my life was a precarious one, and you will not be surprised that I have made a little provision for you and the children. Poor Fred left me ten thousand dollars in United States bonds, and, unwilling to trust it to any bank, I have hidden it away in the lower right hand corner of the picture he gave me. The interest will run on until you take the envelope from its hiding-place, as no one else will ever move the picture. Forgive me for keeping this one secret from you. Tom."

No one else! Why, they might tear it down any moment. A cold sweat broke out all over the rascal's body. All his hoarded wealth, the result of scheming, cheating, saving, was as nothing compared with this newly discovered treasure. Nobody else must find those bonds!

But when he returned to the house he found everything in hurried confusion, and Bert issuing hurried orders.

"I can't talk to you now," he said, as Mr. Paxon came up. "I am obliged to leave on the 7.30 p.m. train from B——, and it is nearly two o'clock now. There is still a wagon-load to go, and the children and Jessie are getting dressed for the carriage at three o'clock."

"But I must speak to you."

"And that confounded picture has to be packed too, cried Bert, bustling into the house. "Here, some of you fellows, bring a step-ladder!"

"No, no!" cried Mr. Paxon. "I—I came over to sell if I couldn't buy that picture."

"Buy it!" Bert cried. "You might as well ask Jessie to sell you one of her boys! Why, her dear brother-in-law painted it!"

"But it looks so well where it is, and will be so awkward to move!" cried Mr. Paxon, watching with horror Bert's preparations to tear the painting from the wall. "I will give you a good price."

"How much? But I am sure Jessie will never part with it!"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Bah!"

"A thousand!"

"A thousand dollars for such a work of art as that! Why, man alive, if Jessie ever could part with it, it ought to bring five times that sum!"

"Five times that sum! Five thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Paxon.

"Certainly!" said Bert, coolly. "But we do not wish to sell it at all. Come, hurry up! Take out the top nails very carefully there."

"I'll give you five thousand for it!" cried Mr. Paxon, desperately, rapidly calculating the ten years' interest on the bonds.

"But we leave here in half an hour! You don't carry five thousand dollars round in your pocket, do you?"

"No, but I carry my check book. I'll give you a check!"

"Won't do! I cannot stop to cash it."

"I'll run over to the bank with it myself."

"Well, you haven't much time. You get the money, and I'll speak to Jessie while you are gone, I'm not sure she will take it!"

Off darted Mr. Paxon, and Bert hurried the last boxes on the wagon and rent it off just as the carriage drove up. Jessie and the boys were already seated when Mr. Paxon came round the corner, actually carrying the money in his hands.

Very carefully Bert counted it, the crisp notes for five hundred dollars each, that represented the exact sum that Tom had paid the rascally landlord for the house his widow was leaving.

"Correct!" he said, presently. "There is no need of a receipt. You can see the picture through the window. Good-bye!" The carriage whirled off, and Mr. Paxon entered the empty house. The workmen had gone with the wagon, but when he pulled the corner of the canvass, he found it already loosened from the frame. A large, yellow envelope, with three immense red seals, was behind it, and with trembling fingers he tore it open. A long slip of paper was the only inclosure, and half fainting, the disappointed schemer read:

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Returning after a few moments' absence, the venerable wielder of the pestle remarked, "the number of sarsaparillas and other, so-called, 'blood medicines' is legion; but Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery outsells them all and it is the only blood-purifier out of the many which I am obliged to keep upon my shelves, that is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all cases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it is refunded."

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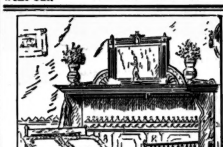
"How could you be so careless with your little cousin? What would you have done if Mr. Briggs hadn't saved her?"

"Oh," responded the little six-year-old, demurely, "we'd have got her when the tide went out."



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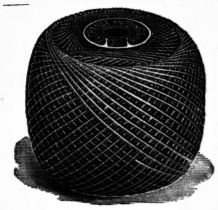

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VOL. III] TORONTO, MAR. 22, 1890. [No. 17

Music.

The first concert of this season given by Torrington's orchestra took place on Thursday evening of last week at the Pavilion before a large audience. The programme was a distinct step in advance, as several important novelties were included, chief among which were Beethoven's Egmont overture, the finale from Jadassohn's Serenade, op. 47, a violoncello concerto by Piatti, and Weber's concertstuck, which I believe received its first performance in Toronto with full orchestra on this occasion. The composition of the orchestra has gradually been changing during the last few years, and the change is in many instances for the better. The wind departments are very much better than heretofore as far as intonation is concerned, and now leave little to be desired in this respect; but there is still much room for improvement in phrasing and in the finer work which goes to produce an artistic rendition. The cellists also show a great change for the better. But the violins are still "ribbony" and wide in their intonation, and this defect in the most important department of an orchestra mars the otherwise excellent intonation. Thorough rehearsals had evidently been insisted upon, for the certainty of attack and fidelity to the conductor's tempo which was shown the whole evening could only be arrived at by faithful and conscientious practice.

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The concert was opened with the Poet and Peasant overture, and I must take exception to the extremely fast tempo at which Mr. Torrington took it, contrary to all precedent, and to the extinction of many beauties of this little gem. The Egmont overture was played with certainty and precision, though as in its companion, there was little pretence at shading or phrasing. A decidedly pleasing number was the Jadassohn serenade, full of brilliancy and sparkle, without the introduction of any meretricious effects. It is a delightfully sunny piece, showing both melodious and harmonic richness, combined with happy orchestral coloring. Mrs. Blackstock's brilliant waltz, A Starry Night, afforded Mr. Torrington a congenial diversion, and its clever arrangement by Mr. H. L. Clarke was conducted and played *con amore* by all concerned. Equally pleasing was the Keler Bela waltz, Glacier Garden, which closed the concert. A really effective rendering of the Pilgrims' Chorus from Tannhæuser was given, the strings appearing at their best in this number, while the wind was uniformly excellent. One effect, however, was lost, that of the little lingering over the triplets, which makes the trombone passages so effective when properly played.

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Mr. Harry M. Field gave a bright, genial and expressive rendering of the Concertstueck, and I think he appeared to better advantage than in any previous performance in Toronto. He played with spirit and freedom, phrased beautifully and was not afraid to impress his interpretation upon his surroundings. Mr. Torrington gave him able and self-effacing support, and was splendidly followed by the orchestra. Altogether this was the best performed selection on the programme, and reflected the greatest credit on all concerned. I would suggest that, at the next performance of a concerto, the piano be placed in its proper position, in the middle of the orchestra, so that soloist and conductor are in sight of each other. This arrangement would prevent the necessity of the soloist giving anxious looks out of the back of his head as it were. The violoncello concerto played by Mr. Mahr was a fine composition, well scored and was very effectively rendered by that gentleman. He has unlimited facility of execution, and what his tone lacks in force and power it makes up in sweetness.

•

Two young pupils of Mr. Torrington, Miss Mortimer and Miss Kate Ryan, gave vocal selections with orchestral accompaniment. The former is evidently a *debutante*, and has a sweet voice, which will no doubt be much improved as study and enlargement of method increase her capabilities. Miss Kate Ryan sang very well indeed, better than I have yet heard her perform. Altogether the concert was a very pleasing one, and the audience was warm in spoken approval—warmer in this respect than one would at first suppose from the measure of applause. The general public would be even more practical in its demonstrations of approval if these concerts were given oftener. Two a season are too few, and the interval between them is so great that the good impression created by one concert is lost and forgotten before the other takes place—hence one never advertises its successor. Mr. Torrington deserves credit for his indefatigable labors to keep up this organization, and the guarantors who made these labors possible also deserve praise. The next concert will take place in May, and I hope to see it as good as this one, with the addition of more attention to the artistic features of a performance.

•

The fair Swedes have come, been seen and have conquered. They gave three concerts at the Pavilion on Friday and Saturday last. I was not fortunate enough to hear any but the matinee, whereby I missed what I have been assured was a great treat, the hearing of Miss Elizabeth Bruse, one of the altos, who has a fine voice, fine style and sings well. As this lady was not present at the matinee, I heard the octettes sung by seven voices only, but as the quartettes were rarely divided in their parts, it did not much matter, as far as the harmony was concerned. The young ladies sang together beautifully and kept together in the most vared *rubato*. This vagary of tempo was one of the chief charms of their singing. Their intonation was perfect, and they were not afraid to give effect to the strongest contrasts of light and shade. They gave evidence of the most careful and thorough training in ensemble work. The individual voices all appeared to be fine. Miss Amelia Heden, the contralto, has a voice like a baritone, rich and resonant on the lower notes, which, I am told, extends to C, the low, *low* C, equivalent to C on the second space of the bass clef! The leader of the party was Miss Agnes Staberg, who had a very sweet and pleasing voice, a trifle veiled in the upper notes. It was true and certain in pitch and scale, and her pretty, vivacious face was good to look at when she led and smiled at her sister artists. Mr. Melvin R. Day recited some humorous selections which were well rendered, even if they had an ancient and salt-like flavor.

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The Catholic Celtic League gave a concert on Monday evening in St. Andrew's Hall which was largely attended. The performers were Miss Annie Mc-nory, Miss Agnes Law, Mr. F. Warrington and Mr. Sim. Richards, all of whom met with well-merited applause.

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A service of sacred song will be held in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church on Thursday evening of next week. The choir on this occasion will be assisted by Miss May Donnelly, soprano, and Messrs. Ernst Mahr, cello, and Robert Mahr, violin. The programme will consist of solos, choruses, organ solos, etc., from the works of Guilmant, Costa, Handel, Rheinberger, Rubenstein, Beethoven, etc.

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Miss Birdie McKeown, daughter of Mrs. D. McKeown, 55 McCaul street, formerly pupil of the Conservatory of Boston, has been appointed leading soloist of what is known as the Brick Church, Rochester.

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The Philharmonic Society's miscellaneous Wagner concert will take place on Thursday, April 24.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The newest things we have had in theatricals during the past week have been The Runaway Wife and The Canuck at the Academy of Music. I was unable to see the latter play in time to give an extended notice here this week. Judging from the title it should be of unusual interest to us people in the northern part of the continent, even if we do feel inclined to resent slightly the slang term used to denote our nationality. It may be the prelude to the Canadian national drama which I wrote about last week. If it deserves it, it will receive further consideration anon. In the meantime let us turn our attention to The Runaway Wife.

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The bill of the play describes The Runaway Wife as "a strong, romantic story, by McKee Rankin and Fred G. Maeder, universally pronounced by press and public as a poem of everyday life." The latter part of this announcement is, from an advertiser's point of view, rather unfortunate. Poems of everyday life are found to be most often of that kind which have been pithily described by some person or persons unknown as "prose sawed into stove lengths." From a critic's point of view the announcement does not hit the play off badly. Arthur Eastman, a young American artist, is represented as having married an English lady of rank. He is encumbered with debt and by working too hard loses his sight. This deprivation forces them to live with Eastman's sister-in-law, a widow who lives on a Pennsylvania farm and has a shrewish temper. The artist's wife is followed about against her will by a former lover of her's, Hon. Talbot Vane, of whom Eastman is jealous. This fact is used by the shrewish sister-in-law to separate the wife from her blind husband. Their little son remains with the husband. There is a lapse of fifteen years, after which the little son, now a famous young artist, appears in England in the drawing-room of Lord Charnleigh, formerly Hon. Talbot Vane. He is accompanied by his father. Lady Charnleigh is none other than the wife of the blind artist, who, believing her husband and son to be dead, had married her former lover. This trouble ensues. It is dissipated, however, by a providential removal of Lord Charnleigh through having his neck broken in riding a steeplechase. The blind husband is brought to understand that he and his wife had been separated by treachery. The family doctor performs a successful operation on his eyes and his wife and his sight are restored to him together. The play is not without a large element of romance and the skeleton of the play I have just given one can easily understand that these things do not often occur in everyday life—not even in its poetry. English ladies with titles are not in the habit of marrying struggling American artists and having to submit to the cowherd domination of a virago on a Pennsylvania farm. I am not a stickler for realism in drama, but as this is neither a children's story or a fairy tale, a farce or a fantasy, why should it transcend legitimate bounds? It is simply a case of the liberty of the romancist overleaping itself. In this play the characterization is better than the plot, although the players did not carry it out very carefully in their make-up. They made little or no allowance for the lapse of time. Mr. McKee Rankin is eminently unfitted for the role of Arthur Eastman, the artist. He is far too robust for such a romantic character. His presentation lacked the delicacy and depth of feeling and all the tender touches that such a part requires. Miss Mabel Bert gave a very careful and pleasing performance of the part of Lady Alice. Miss Lorena Atwood was sprightly and vivacious as leading juvenile lady. Mr. Charles P. Wyngate took the part of the young artist very cleverly. This young man gives promise of good work. Miss Annie Wood was excellent as the fiery widow.

That pretty little domestic drama, Bootles' Baby, filled the latter half of last week at the Grand. Kate Claxton and Charles A. Stevenson took the leading parts. This was Miss Claxton's first appearance here in the character of Helen Grace. Mr. Charles Garthorne's Captain Lucy was much admired. Little May Durgan played Mignon very cleverly. The play was very well patronized.

Jim the Penman was fairly well patronized at the Grand during its short stay this week. This play has traveled so much and has been so written about during the past few years that everyone who takes any interest in matters theatrical is acquainted with it. Its great success and the verdicts of the most eminent critics place it in the front rank of modern plays. Many people who went to renew their acquaintance with this old favorite were somewhat disappointed at the company which presented it this time. Memories of old time performances will not down, no matter how hard a person may strive to keep them so. Dramatic criticism is perhaps more than any other comparative, and seeing the performance of a play by a first-class company has a powerful effect in determining our verdict on the acting of any other people we may see in the same roles. Jim the Penman is a play which, more than most other plays, requires an efficient cast of players. Its most powerful situation depends entirely on its success for pantomimic action and facial expression. That is where Nina discovers the true character of her husband. Very few who saw this supreme climax played by Miss May Brookyn two years ago will have forgotten the painful intensity of feeling with which they watched its realization. They also remember the "bad Baron" of Harry Springer. These impersonations remain latent in our minds and consciously or unconsciously we call them up to compare with them the work of all other players of the same parts. The ablest work done in the company which played here this week was that of Mr. Joseph Whiting as James Ralston. Charles Kent has changed the German baron to a French baron, but he fails utterly to infuse into it the unctuous rascality which made that of his predecessor so famous. The Captain Redwood of Mr. Travers would be improved if Mr. Travers would learn to talk with an English instead of a United States accent. Miss Ellie Wilton took the lighter parts of Nina very cleverly, but fell far short of grasping the stronger emotional parts. The remainder of the cast was only fair.

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Mr. Thomas W. Keene began a short engagement at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening. Mr. Keene is a great favorite in Toronto and his performances are invariably well attended. He appeared this time in Louis XI, a character made famous by Henry Irving. It is a favorite character with Keene and many American critics prefer his playing of it to that of the more renowned Englishman. This (Saturday) afternoon and evening he plays the Merchant of Venice and Richard III.

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Lester & Williams' London Specialty Company have drawn crowded houses at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. This company has been much improved since last season and its programme now embraces some clever specialties. Among them are Stedman's performing dogs, the sisters Coulson, Harry LaRosse, club juggler, Gallagher & West, gag artists, and on the trapeze, and Bob Slaven of minstrel fame. Next week the attraction at this house will be Oliver Doud Byron in his well-known play Across the Continent.

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At the Grand Opera House on Monday evening the young and handsome Irish comedian and vocalist, W. J. Scanlan, will begin a three nights' engagement, presenting his latest and most successful Irish play Myles Aroon, written by George H. Jessop and Horace Townsend. Since Mr. Scanlan's last appearance here he has played a twelve weeks' engagement in England, Ireland and Scotland, securing favorable endorsements of both press and public, closing in Dublin one of the most notable engagements ever played by an actor in that city. Myles Aroon is in four acts, and the red-coated soldier and strong-hearted landlord are conspicuous by their absence. The story is domestic in character, and is said to be highly interesting and entertaining. The piece will be given an elaborate production with new scenery by Schaeffer, Maeder and Charles Witham, costumes and properties. Mr. Scanlan will sing the following new and original songs, written and composed by himself for this play: You and I Love, My Maggie, Live, My Love, oh Live, Swing Song, and in the last act will introduce his widely known and always popular Peek-a-Boo.

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On Monday evening next, March 24, the brilliant actress and charming woman, Miss Agnes Herndon, will appear at the Academy of Music, in her new and successful play entitled, La Belle Marie, or, A Woman's Revenge, in which Miss Herndon will assume the dual *role* of Jean Engleside, the trusting and betrayed country girl, and Marie Du Bois, the avenging woman, in which character Miss Herndon has reaped the highest praise from both press and public. The New York *World* says: "Miss Herndon is a talented actress. She possesses a commanding presence, has a deep, sonorous voice, which is under perfect control and finely modulated, and is skilled in the arts and suggestions of the facial expressions. She has a thorough conception of her *role*, whether in raillery or badinage, or denunciation, or coquetry, or the lovable innocence and amiability which is revealed in the opening scene of the play, or in the exquisite and tender pathos of her expression in the scene in which she receives the locket of her dead mother. In all these vary ing phases she produced an instantaneous effect upon the audience. Miss Herndon's acting achieved an impression of great favor, which grew more decided as the action progressed."

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Thomas R. Keene's real name is Thomas R. Eagleson.

Miss May Brookyn who played here in Jim the Penman is now playing in the company of Salvini, the great Italian tragedian.

The New York *Mirror* is crying out against the present system of printing play-bills with the cast of the players buried in a heap of advertising matter so that it is almost impossible to find it. It advocates the printing of the programme, alone, on neat cards. This reform should be adopted if for no other reason than that it would foil the fiends who drive people crazy by rattling their papers during the most exciting scenes.

Glancing carelessly through a two-year-old file of SATURDAY NIGHT the other day I found the following notice: "Mary Anderson has formally acknowledged her engagement to young Mr. Beckwith, the London dry-goods merchant, and the wedding has been definitely fixed for May of next year." Last week's *Theater Magazine* says: "A private letter from Mary Anderson plainly states her intended marriage to young Mr. Navarro of New York." There seems to be a delightful uncertainty about Mary's engagements, even when formally acknowledged.

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It has been estimated that the Kendals will make about $200,000 out of their American tour. As they intend, however, to spend a day or two "doing" Niagara Falls before starting for England they will probably escape with about $150,000. After all this is not bad wages for a year's work. It is reported that the Kendals were the only English players who came to America this season that made money. Wyndham and Mary Moore, Millward and Terris and all the rest of them went home with empty pockets. It is too bad that we did not have an opportunity of seeing Wyndham in Toronto. His David Garrick would certainly have captured the town.

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On Monday evening the students of St. Michael's College gave a dramatic entertainment which was thoroughly enjoyed by the large audience present. The play was a two-act drama entitled The Hidden Gem, by Cardinal Wiseman. The *dramatis personæ* were as follows: Euphemianus, Mr. George P. Murphy; Alexius, Mr. W. J. Hourigan; Carinus, Master V. Murphy; Proculus, Mr. John O'Neill; Eusebius, Mr. M. McGuire; Bibulus, Mr. P. McLaughlin; Davus, Mr. J. R. Coty; Ursulus, Mr. M. J. Murphy; Verna, Mr. C. J. Phelan; Gaunio, Mr. F. J. Hussey; Imperial Chamberlain, Mr. P. O'Leary; Officer, Mr. M. E. Loftus; First Robber, Mr. R. Christopher; Second Robber, Mr. P. Doyle. The piece was well staged and the performance throughout did credit to the amateur talent taking part.

Church Talks.

St. Peter's Church looked inviting on that bright Sunday morning which came to us two weeks ago. I had been chasing a lost ten minutes and drew a breath of relief when I found myself at the door. The service had just begun, and I followed an usher up the aisle, entered the designated pew, and was promptly shut in.

My impressions of that house of worship and its furnishings are pleasant ones.

An unusual quantity of blue enters into the color scheme of the decorative work, giving the interior an uncommon and light effect. The organ pipes and a part of the wall ornamentation shows toned blue picked out with gold. The carpet and the upholstering are crimson, creating the desirable warmth of tone, while the variation from the regular color routine is commendable.

The chancel, while rich, did not please me. Its windows gave too much light from too many colors to excite admiration. It rather tired one's eyes.

Episcopalians are, I believe, noted for regular attendance at morning services. In that respect I think they justly enjoy a better reputation than do the members of other denominations. The pew-ends opposite me were occupied in almost every instance by men—evidently the heads of families. In fact the congregation in general showed a goodly number of fathers, brothers and uncles.

It has been a matter of guess-work with me as to why Mrs. Busy-all-the-week should consider it her duty and privilege to attend morning service, while in many cases her spouse comfortably dozes at home in his dressing-gown and slippers. That he does is a well-known fact to many pastors.

The excusing individual will tell one about his "business cares all week." That does not satisfy me, for the cares that trouble and worry one are spirited away when one enters into the service of any church with heart as well as lips. Church is just the place to go when life is tangled. Business sinks down out of sight and ken, while nobler, better thoughts sit in the soul's high places.

For the part which the individual takes in the service I admire the Episcopalian form of worship. Printed prayers the petitions certainly are, but heartfelt words they may be if the worshipper so wills.

The sermon was delivered by Provost Body. It was designed to be consolatory to those, who, in acting upon the advice given by him in a preceding sermon, had met disappointment in their search after a better method of life. His words were well chosen, the genuine feeling with which they were delivered moving several members of the congregation to tears. He urged upon his people the necessity of earnestness, energy and perseverance.

Each proposition was emphasized with a decided movement of the head. This energetic motion is a very striking mannerism, and one not altogether unpleasant. It bespeaks a consciousness of the statement's truth and doubles the force of the words.

I liked this clergyman's voice. It was resonant, without being a laborious chest-production, but the enunciation was occasionally rather indistinct. The modulation was most effective, the voice descending at times to a tone so gentle yet so intense that an electrical current of sympathy was established between pulpit and pew.

I wonder if, after all, that low voice which is a "most excellent thing in woman," is not quite as pleasing when it comes to us from beautiful lips.

Sermon, music, surroundings were helpful, inspiring and delightful.

The organ's voice lent strength to the responsive petition: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

Of all the service, this music-measured prayer, which followed each commandment, held for me the greatest charm.

EYELKA.

Man Wants But Little.

For Saturday Night.

'Tis not for gold, or bonds, or stocks
My heart is ever craving;
Nor do I long to pass through life
In miser meanness, saving.

The siren Fame, with sweetest song,
Fails not some fools of tempting;
Shall I be found, from purpose strong,
For such, my brains exempting?

The "midnight oil" shall ne'er be seen
Upon my table burning;
No food desire has been mine
To scale the walls of learning.

No youthful love has ever come
My heart's recesses filling—
With incense of the o dreamy days
My pulses sweetly thrilling.

From such vain weaknesses as these
I lose no time in turning—
My stern lot forces me to be
For free lunch counters yearning. —W.

My Lady Coquette.

For Saturday Night.

A suitor came to a lady bright
And wooed her on bended knee,
"I have honor and worth and a brave man's might
And love and a life for thee."

She spoke him soft, and she smiled sweet smiles,
And she gave him her flower to wear,
And sent him a quest of weary miles
And named his name in her prayer.

Till he said at last, "Sweetheart, sweetheart,
I have served thee long and well,
And the time has come when ye sh ll not part
Till the day of the toiling bell."

"I am sorry, my knight," the sweet voice said,
"You have failed to understand,
Our friendship was not of a kind to wed.
I have promised another my hand."

Her lover laughed such a bitter laugh
She almost feared she was wrong,
And wondered a moment of grain and chaff
Was the difference very strong.

But he thought, "What pity the queen I chose
For the castle I built in Spain
Was the poorest creature the whole world knows,
The vainest of all things vain."

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

Leander.

There is no sweeter thing, I hold, than this,
To swim the Hellespont for Hero's kiss;
Dark surgings of the sea affright me not,
Nor shrink I when the elements do plot
A briny grave for me. I see afar
The love-torch, flaring like a fitful star,
She keeps ablaze for me. Slightly to rest
Upon her breast, sweet bosom do I
The thund'ring terrors of the traitorous deep!
What matters danger to the joys I reap
When, dripping from the foam and brine impearled,
I feel her ardent arms around me curled!
What matters all the sickening sights I see,
The dreadful demons quick pursuing me,
The ghastly warning of the bleaching bones
Of shipwrecked mariners? Her kiss atones
For terror, and her winsome words of love
Would recompense me for the wrath of Jove!
My Hero! o'er the waters where her rocks arise,
Mesems I see the great, glad, golden eyes
Strained seaward with a dear, desireful gaze,
The while she with a tender prayer prays
That gods propitious to our passion prove,
Nor snatch from us our sweetened draught of love!
My Hero! live my pulses leap and warm
To crush in my embrace her willowy form!
Not e'en on foam-born Aphrodite now
Such sweet, clean curves and shapely sides, I trow!
Tempestuous tides! What care I for your roar?
My love awaits me on the farther shore!
Oh! breakers, creaping up in clamorous crowds,
I do defy your prophecy of shrouds
And funeral dirges chanted o'er the dead!
Oh! ye great gracious gods! let me be led
Safe thro' the swirling seas to Hero's feet,
There to receive love's guerdon soft and sweet!
My bosom bounds to feel our meeting kiss,
Our deep contentment and our languid bliss—
Farewell to fear! I leap into the wave,
To swim to Hero, or to find a grave!

SUSIE M BERT.

Memories.

They never will read it in this sad face,
How I came at last to my Lady's grace;
If they saw my heart they would hardly know,
It lies so close and lurks so low:

So womanly went she, so gladsome and good,
The charm of her never was understood;
Till I—for wishes have the secret sate—
Found her, and wooed her, and won her for mine.

She knows—she only! how slow and sweet
My love grew up from the palms of her feet,
From low at her foot to high en her brow,
From Dear—and Dearer—to Dearest—till now,

There is none of her—none—that I may not love,
Beauty of earth, or bright spirit above;
But only the angels and Fanny know
Why, living and dying, I love her so.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

When My Dreams Come True.

When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true—
Shall I lean from out my casement in the starlight and the dew,
To listen—smile and listen—to the tinkle of the strings
Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle as he sings?
And as the nude moon slowly, slowly shoulders into view,
Shall I vanish from his vision, when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple gown I wear,
Be changed to sofest satin, and my maiden braided hair
Be traveled from my nates of rarest, heavy gold,
To be minated into kisses, more than any heart can hold?
Or "the summer of my tresses" shall my lover liken to
"The fervor of his passion"—when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among the sheaves
Of happy harvest meadows, and the grasses and the leaves,
Shall I lift and lean between me and the splendor of the sun,
Till the moon swoons into twilight; the gleaner's work is done—
Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the reapers do
The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams come true?

When my dreams come true—when my dreams come true?
True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew—
The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the eye
Than any lily born of pride that blossoms against the sky,
And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome you,
My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Noted People.

Mrs. Samuel Clemens, Mark Twain's wife, has written a book under a fictitious name.

George Kennan's Siberian papers have been translated into Russian by a society in France, for the benefit of the Nihilist fund.

The German Emperor is exceedingly fond of playing chess. King Humbert of Italy likes a game of draughts. Czar Alexander has a predilection for backgammon. King William of Holland willingly plays piquet.

Charlotte Yonge, the English authoress, speaking to a Virginia lady of American writers, says that she considers Louisa Alcott's books the best that have ever been written in this country for young people.

W. W. Astor now thoroughly appreciates the fact that he is now head of the house, and he will be Willie Waldorf no longer. One of the first things he did was to order a supply of visiting cards simply inscribed, "Mr. Astor."

Edgar Bellamy was recently descanting on the poverty of Europe. When asked if he imbibed his socialistic ideas in Germany, he answered with a mirthful glance, that the only thing he had learned to imbibe in Germany was beer.

Madame Tacon, the governess of the King of Spain, has received the title of Countess of Peralta for her devotion to her little pupil during his recent illness. She is seventy years old and has been in the royal family of Spain for thirty-five years.

It is said that Richard D. Blackmore, author of Lorna Doone, is a most uncomplaining gardener. He loses annually over his hobby a great portion of his literary gains. That reminds one of Beecher's heartfelt statement that "it costs money to farm."

Sir John Swinburne complains in a gay way that upon being introduced to any one, the first question invariably is: "Are you related to Algernon Swinburne, the poet?" Then the baronet replies gravely, with a mischievous twinkle of the eye, "Bless your soul, I am the head of the Swinburne family, and he is related to me, don't you know."

A sister-in-law of Frank Stockton, who is a missionary to India, was called upon to fill a position temporarily vacated by an English teacher in a female school in Siam. In some way the Siamese girls heard of her connection with the novelist, and were electrified by the information. Surrounding her *en masse* they exclaimed: "Now we shall find out whether it was the lady or the tiger!"

Alexander Dumas, bald-headed, florid-faced and sixty-six, has a full-grown horror of tobacco and disorder. Dame Gossip says that he devotes a considerable portion of each Sunday morning to a clearing-up of his sanctum. Furthermore, it is averred that upon these occasions the worthy gentleman divests himself of his coat and wages war with dust, armed with a large feather duster.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Irish Secretary, is reported to be engaged to Miss Margot Tennant, the daughter of the enormously wealthy baronet of that name. Miss Tennant is one of the most popular and clever girls in London. She is an immense favorite of both Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson and accompanied them on their yachting trip to Sweden and Denmark a few years ago.

Dr. Susan B. Edson recalls some interesting incidents in her life as an army nurse. Upon one occasion she took it upon herself to dictate to officers, but she saved a life. General O. O. Howard had undergone the amputation of an arm. People flocked to see him, and Dr. Edson, the nurse, detailed a sergeant to stand guard and allow no one to enter. "We have secured him from the enemy, now save him from his friends," she said. Her plan was adopted, and the general recovered.

Mrs. Letitia Semple, daughter of President Tyler, lives now in the Louise Home in Washington. She is a southern woman, and still expresses without hesitation her love for the south. In 1843 Mrs. Semple was the beauty of Washington, and a portrait painted then justifies the assertion. She is old now, white-haired and delicate, ending her days in a quiet home, in the same city where she once reigned as the White House belle.

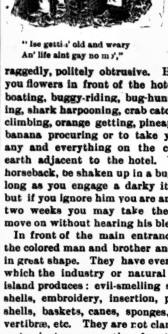
The King of the Belgians has ordered a magnificent casket, which he intends to present to Mr. Stanley on the latter's arrival in Brussels. Several of the most expert workmen in Belgium are now engaged on it. Its lid bears a medallion portrait of the explorer, surrounded with precious stones and elaborate chasing. The casket is to contain the Grand Cordon of the Order of Leopold, which Mr. Stanley will be invited to wear at one of the numerous fetes to be given in his honor.

The youngest daughter of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, the Archduchess Valerie, is a rival of "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, as a royal poetess. This beautiful and accomplished princess, who has endeared herself to both Austrians and Hungarians by her literary talent, her devotion to her parents, her kindness, graciousness and generosity, is little more than twenty years of age, and has written a volume of poems remarkable for deep poetic feeling, conception and expression.

Miss Julia Shreiner, the new beauty of New York fashionable society, is a niece of the late William Cullen Bryant. Her father was a German merchant there, but she has spent most of her life in Paris. She is an accomplished young woman, who paints well, sings well, embroiders well, and speaks several modern languages. She is six feet tall and beautifully proportioned, and the Prince of Wales is quoted as saying that Miss Schreiner is the most distinguished American woman he has ever met.

The Countess Waldersee, who was a Miss Lea of New York, is now the first lady at the German Court. Her husband is nearly related to the young emperor, who, with his wife, is devoted to the beautiful American. She lives in great state in the palace adjoining Von Moltke's, but her personal tastes are severely simple. At home she always wears cashmeres of finest quality, but made absolutely without trimming, and relieved only by linen collars and cuffs. But her plain attire merely emphasizes her beauty and distinction.

Bananaland.-- No. 5.

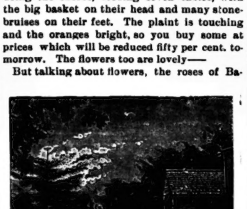


"Ise gettin' old and weary
An' life aint gay no m'r,"

HAVE you ever lived "down South." No. Then Nassau, with its superabundant colored population will impress itself on you as a place where the inharmonious coon fills altogether too much of your eye. The colored man and female is everywhere raggedly, politely obtrusive. He offers to sell you flowers in front of the hotel, to take you boating, buggy-riding, bug-hunting, shell fishing, shark harpooning, crab catching, cocoanut climbing, orange getting, pineapple exploring, banana procuring or to take you in quest of any and everything on the coral limestone earth adjacent to the hotel. You can go on horseback, be shaken up in a buggy or afoot, so long as you engage a darky it is legitimate; but if you ignore him you are anathema and in two weeks you may take the steamer and move on without hearing his blessing.

In front of the main entrance of the hotel the colored man and brother and sister gather in great shape. They have everything for sale which the industry or natural history of the island produces: evil-smelling star and conch shells, embroidery, insertion, polished turtle shells, baskets, canes, sponges, coral, shark's vertibræ, etc. They are not numerous, the climate is too enervating for that, they are simply patient and pathetic. Wearily they change from one foot to the other and watch you with dull, dark eyes until you feel the with-holding of your last dollar from them is heartless and sinful. Oranges and grape fruit are occasionally pressed upon you by sultry looking dames who lowly murmur that they have walked six miles from Fox Hill, after doing the chores, feeding seven babies, with the big basket on their head and many stone-bruises on their feet. The plaint is touching and the oranges bright, so you buy some at prices which will be reduced fifty per cent. tomorrow. The flowers too are lovely——

But talking about flowers, the roses of Bananaland are gorgeous. Their odor though is disappointing. I bought a basket one day for two shillings, and a more brilliant bouquet I never saw. When I smelled them there was nothing but a faint perfume, and what do you think it was like. Were you born on a farm? No. Then I'm sorry for you. Half the worth of being a Canadian is in knowing something of the sweets of nature. Those roses smelled just like a basket of newly-picked raspberries—not the big pulpy things which grow in the gardens, but the sweet little berries of the fence-corners, the slashing and the woods. The perfume, like that of the pines, made me homesick. As I sat in front of the hotel with my bunch of flowers, I saw in the mist of loving memory the half-cleared fallow, the rough pasture field, the stumpy meadow and the burnt lands of my boyhood. I smelled again the blossom and fruit of the raspberry and saw the bushes from which it was so hard to gather them. Back to me, as I sat crippled and lonesome, came the gay days when we went barrying, those sweet hours when with dish in hand we rivaled each other in filling the "patent pail" or ten quart tin. The lunches on the grass, the brindle steer which ate up all the berries I had picked in a hard day's work and which I pursued with a club till I fell breathless with running and rage; the rides home at night with laughter and boastings; all the small senseless things which made boyhood so much happier than the more thoughtful years; they all came back with the odor of those roses and filled the lonesome hours of waiting for returning strength with the sweetness of the unforgotten past. Over that bunch of roses came gently drifting more lovely visions than ever arose for me from that brilliant emerald sea or from the proud curves of tree or shore.



STREET SCENE, GRANTSTOWN.

Many of the colored people of Nassau have acquired a certain amount of property, which may consist of a garden, a house, store, fishing boat or sponger. At the Sponge Exchange—a large covered wharf—the sponger can be seen on his return from a week or ten days' cruise, and the heap of sponges beside him indicates the success of his voyage. The boats from which sponge fishing is carried on are by no means large, considerably smaller than the average yacht on our bay. A colored man and his wife and a couple of assistants are the crew. They live on fish and a little pork and "grits"—the latter something like hominy or hulled corn—and they build a little fire on the deck when the water is smooth and have coffee. They also sleep on the deck or in a little cabin which is ordinarily too nauseous even for a darkey. The supplies are generally furnished by some of the Nassau merchants who share in the proceeds of the voyage, generally taking good care that the sponger does not get quite half. The quality of sponges procured is not first-class and the business is not in a prosperous state.

The coaster is a boat very much the same size as the sponger, has a couple of short masts and is broad of beam. It is the conveyance amongst the islands answering the purpose of our market wagon, and it is very amusing to see some of them come in with a cow or bullock tethered to the mast, pigs, dogs and chickens running about amid bags of oranges, cocoanuts and bananas, while sugar-cane, cabbages and potatoes are thrown in to fill up the space not occupied by the crew and the numerous pickaninnies which seem to bless these nautical families. The islands are so small and numerous that these coasters take the place of the cart, stage and railway. The bishop's yacht, in which he goes about his diocese, is a much more elaborate affair and is so fitted up that service can be held on the deck either by the tall slim bishop, his brother—known as his shadow—or by one of the little shaven curates who are sometimes seen trotting about Nassau looking extremely effeminate and absurd. The bishop has somewhat high church notions, believes in the celibacy of his assistants and is quite a character.

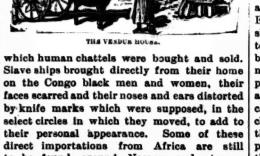
The trading boat which runs to the more distant islands and Jamaica is very little better than a coaster and is frequently two weeks late in arrival or departure and often consumes three weeks in a trip to Jamaica—a voyage under such circumstances simply unendurable to white people; the boat is dirty, the cabin uninhabitable, the grub villainous, and the five or six negroes who make up the crew not such society as one would care to have for that length of time.

The Vendue House reminds the visitor of slavery days, it having been the market at which human chattels were bought and sold. Slave ships brought directly from their home on the Congo black men and women, their faces scarred and their noses and ears distorted by knife marks which were supposed, in the select circles in which they moved, to add to their personal appearance. Some of these direct importations from Africa are still to be found around Nassau and strange tales they tell of the days when the slave trade was at its height. They are the blackest and ugliest negroes on the islands while their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, as they have become mixed with the whites, are of all shades, coffee colored, speckled, yellow, and others almost white. The women are more finely formed than the men and seem capable of greater endurance, carrying immense loads on their heads and walking with that upright gait which is the result of having to thus preserve their equilibrium. Some people think these yellow folks are right handsome. I don't. There is something almost pathetic in their dark eyes, but the same look can be seen in many animals, and they are even less interesting when young than grown-up, they show their white teeth and shout with pleasure, inasmuch as they lose that dignified sadness which makes one wonder what story of suffering and wrongs is hidden behind the silent appeal of their faces. I attended a very large and fashionable ball given by one of the lodges of colored Oddfellows and Uniformed Patriarchs. No colored man ever loses an opportunity to wear a uniform. He will spend his last dollar to purchase a gorgeous regalia, and you can imagine that the ball was as splendid as gold lace, silk sashes and plumes could make it. The women, too, were arrayed in a way which would have made Solomon in his historic glory retire from the field. Silks of every hue made into dresses with paniers and bustles as big as a load of hay, low necks and short sleeves, were worn by those who had enough white blood to save the exhibition from being absolutely appalling. High-heeled satin slippers, long gloves, feathers and flowers adorned nearly all of the ladies present. The music was good and the large ball-room fairly undulated with steam and gay colors when the dancing was at its height. Several contests between noted waltzers added occasional interest, though I confess that I sometimes feared the rival couples would drop down dead, they swung with such protracted vigor while the thermometer, responded to the warmth of the night and the ardor of the crowd, climbed up over the hundred notch and threatened to go higher before morning. The dancers did not always keep exact time, but taken all round I think the Nassau darkies can dance a little better than they can do anything else. Some of the more wealthy and better educated colored people were dressed in excellent taste and their families indicated unusual care in their education and manners. One young colored lady to whom I was introduced was very handsomely dressed, she and her brothers having just returned from England where they had been at school. She pronounced it "dawnce," and had acquired all the swell accents which English schooling could give. Indeed all the colored Nassau people speak with a very Old Country accent, the result of having masters and mistresses of a pronouncedly English type. The supper was an oh-how-swell an affair provided by the Royal Victoria Hotel, and the courtesy of the table shown by the gay youths to their brilliant partners was overpowering, yet the restraint which the best circle of Nassau dusky society placed upon them all, kept the young ladies and gentlemen from eating watermelon with their fingers or gulping down the rare treat of ice cream at one mouthful.

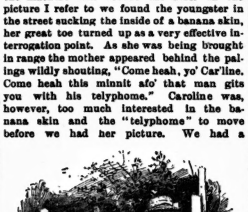
The Collector of Customs is a colored man very well educated and popular. Mr. Smith the postmaster—who by the way succeeded a white man who is now doing five years breaking stones with a chain gang for embezzlement—is a quadroon very bright and alert and with long, fierce moustachios like a bandit chief. The two score policemen are all colored and all colore. A more motley crowd was never seen. Their heights vary from five feet to over six and one day when I saw them drilling five of them stubbed their toes or tripped over their neighbors' heels and fell down. The drill instructor himself had several similar mishaps. It is not easy for a darkey whose heel reaches out nearly as far behind as his foot does in front to be light on his feet or graceful in his evolutions. The soldiery are commanded by English officers and are black as the ace of spades, most of them coming from Jamaica and the outer Bahama islands. They wear the Zouave uniform with white turbans and look very picturesque and are said to have behaved well in action somewhere in India or Africa. The barracks are large and airy, kept scrupulously clean, but soldiering is not attractive to the Nassau youth, none of whom ever enlist.

Grantstown is the residential district most favored by the colored people. Driving through it in the daytime you see great numbers of dark children, whose parents are not at all extravagant in the amount of clothing they put upon their offspring. In many cases the children up to four or five years old have nothing on but a coating of dust and a large, bright smile. Until they are eight or nine a short shirt, sometimes wonderfully, woefully short, is made to suffice, the youngster in the following illustration being blest with an unusual length of garment. My friend, Mr. Ernest Warrin of New York, one of the most skilful amateur photographers in America, took about fifty snap-shot pictures for me, but he had the greatest trouble getting near enough these typical little darkies to photograph them. If their mothers are anywhere in sight and see a man with a camera they raise an alarm and gather the children in off the street at once, afraid that the machine will voodoo the kids. In the picture I refer to we found the youngster in the street sucking the inside of a banana skin, her great toe turned up as a very effective interrogation point. As she was being brought in range the mother appeared behind the palings wildly shouting, "Come heah, yo' Car'line. Come heah this minnit afo' that man gits you with his telyphone." Caroline was, however, too much interested in the banana skin and the "telyphone" to move before we had her picture. We had a great time one morning getting the row of youngsters, which I will show you later, properly posed. They were playing about a deserted hut, which is not much worse than the ones the majority of them live in, and by giving them a penny apiece, they consented to stand still. As Mr. Warrin was making haste to get his photograph before anyone interfered, the only really handsome negress I saw in Nassau came running down the narrow street shouting to the driver of our buggy, "George, George, don't let 'em get my Victoh." With a bound she sprang over the low fence and seized her darling just as the click of the machine announced that we had "got her Victoh." She upbraided the driver, who was apparently a friend of hers, for conspiring with us, but Mr. Warrin assured her that if she did not want her little boy's picture taken he would not bother him, an assurance which he could cheerfully make as he had already accomplished his purpose. "It wouldn't of mattered me," said the colored woman, in a wonderfully low, soft voice, "if he had had his clothes on, but I don't want my little boy's pictur took lookin' like that fo' him to be ashamed of when he grows up." She covered the child with her dress still suspicious that we intended to "pictuh" him, entirely forgetful of herself and of the fact that she heeded the section of dress wrapped around the baby to conceal her own charms which, from a suspicious click in the camera I suspect are now "pictuhed" in my friend's collection.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE HILL, LEADING TO GRANTSTOWN.



THE VENDUE HOUSE.



"COME HEAH DIS MINNIT, CAROLINE."

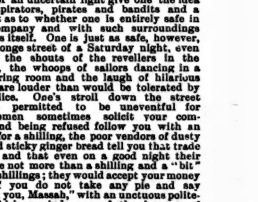
Even if the huts are poor and the fare of the inmates poorer, the beauty of the trees and shrubbery which shadow and often conceal the rickety walls and ruinous thatch, make poverty less repulsive than it is in the North, where bleak and bare, every evidence of squalor stands cruelly out, unrelieved by beauty of any kind. The narrow lanes of Grantstown are arched over by boughs, the gardens are filled with orange, banana and plum trees, the omnipresent cocoa palm being the center piece of the bouquet. Nor are many of the huts destitute of some trace of comfort; a wee and well washed muslin curtain, a few prints on the walls and an ornament or two on the shelf, and generally a look of cleanliness, making the bare room look habitable. The cooking is always done outside and the cabin is little more than a bedroom except when used as a refuge from an occasional shower. The thermometer never goes lower than 68° or 70°, while the winter average is about 73°.

It is at night—on a Saturday night—that Grantstown is to be seen in its brightest and most primitive glory. The long street leading down from Government House Hill, two sections of which are shown in the accompanying sketches is a continuous line of booths, shops and saloons. Houses which on ordinary days show no signs of a stock of goods are opened out on Saturday evening, illuminated by a smoky lamp and business invited by a fat negress. Fruit, peanuts, grits, sugar-cane, candies, gingerbread, cakes and pies are spread on a board by the window; and every other step you take, a colored woman will be found seated on the ground, with a similar stock beside her. Fish of all sorts, and meat cut into small and unappetizing hunks, are offered in little shops or from the tops of barrels, and every vendor solicits the stranger to buy so nothing. The saloons — and they are very numerous in Nassau and Grantstown—are doing a rushing business, the bar rooms crowded with jabbering darkies who, as it grows later, talk louder and perspire still more copiously—a climax of things which makes a visit amongst them impressive. As you stroll down the street you pass a couple of police stations, the big doors open, and sleepy constables lying on couches, waiting for the hour to arrive when the regular quota of their inebriated fellow darkies will have to be removed to the cooler. The night sights of Grantstown would be novel and interesting even in a street where the bright glare of gas brings out all the details, but it is the lights and shadows, the strangely weird effect of shadowy rooms, shadowy nooks, indistinct figures and flickering fires which make the Grantstown picture one never to be forgotten. By every little stall, in the center of every assortment of sweets, a flambeau of resinous pine throws out its uncertain light, now blazing up fiercely and bringing out in strong relief the faces of the dusky merchants and the trooping forms of idlers and marketers, now flickering low and showing nothing but the dim outlines of the sitting figures and moving crowd. Here and there a bar of light falls on a face, with ghostly effect; rembrandts and silhouettes in unexpected places astonish you and disappear. Even indoors where groups are playing cards the same tricks of an uncertain light give each the idea of conspirators, pirates and bandits and a thought as to whether one is entirely safe in such company and with such surroundings suggests itself. One is just as safe, however, as on Yonge street of a Saturday night, even though the shouts of the revellers in the saloons, the whoops of sailors dancing in a smothering room and the laugh of hilarious youths are louder than would be tolerated by our police. One's stroll down the street is not permitted to be uneventful for the women sometimes solicit your company and being refused follow you with an appeal for a shilling, the poor vendors of dusty pies and sticky ginger bread tell you that trade is dull, and that even on a good night their sales are not more than a shilling and a "bit" or two shillings; they would accept your money even if you do not take any pie and say "thank you, Massah," with an unctuous politeness which reminds one of the beggars of Killarney. They live somehow, appear to be happy, are always polite, and the process of multiplying the population goes on with wonderful rapidity—though unfortunately not always with the sanction of a marriage license or the formality of a wedding. Particularly on the outer and lower islands, a missionary told me, it is not unusual even for the married folk to trade partners, and in Nassau the assorted tints of the various children belonging to one mother suggest either strange freaks of heredity or a diversified paternity.

In religious matters the blacks are enthusiastic, if not always consistent. They can misquote scripture by the hour and sing hymns all night. The Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists and Episcopalians have energetic white preachers who are doing a great deal of good and have large congregations at every service and the sisters of charity are now assisting the small Catholic community in their work. The preachers sacrifice much and the missionaries in the more remote islands are practically cut off from all society except that of the most ignorant negroes, and I could give many instances of their pious and unselfish zeal. But to be real happy in Nassau the Bahamian darkey wants a colored preacher and more movement and noise than a self-respecting white man is prepared to make. The Shouters are a popular body, and though I could not find out the exact peculiarities of their doctrines, they are nearer old fashioned Methodisty than anything else. Their church is large, and the preacher and congregation vigorous of lung. When the guests at the hotel want a Sunday evening entertainment it is usual to promise the pastor ten dollars shall be put on the plate, and he works up the fervor of his audience to boiling point. Then he has them stand up and march around the church stamping their feet, singing, shouting and swaying their bodies about in the most ludicrous way. Some of the sisters are sure to get the "shakes" and fall as if in a fit, and men and women indiscriminately seize hold of one another's arms and shoulders in the exaltation of the moment. It is not an edifying performance, but it amuses the tourists and fills the dimes. Much worse, however, is the half-pagan and wholly immoral fire dance which is often done for the amusement of the visitors. It often ends in the dancers—men and women—purposely vying with each other in stepping on coals and getting rid of their clothing until they are in a state of nature. I am not particularly religious, but I can't endure a performance such as the Shouters present and did not attend one. I should think the good taste of tourists generally would revolt against the idea of having the worship of God turned into a howling farce, but the Shouters' Church and the Fire dance, which I did not see, are eagerly sought by people who at home subscribe liberally to send missionaries to the heathen. It is funny how we act when we are away from home; but I'll never be surprised at anything after an evening in Paris, when I discovered myself and half a thousand American ladies and gentlemen—two of them parsons with chokers on—watching with apparently intense interest the dancers in the Garden de Paris. Truly we see strange things when we haven't got a gun. Don.

From a sketch by Wm. Bryant

THE BELLE OF GRANTSTOWN.



From a sketch by W. Bryant

A GAY QUADROON.

A LIFE SENTENCE

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CHAPTER XXXIII.—CONTINUED.

Hubert drew his breath hard. She tried to answer what she thought was the meaning of that strange sound, half moan, half sigh.

"I never called him so," she said. "You will not believe it, of course; but I know that my father would never have done the deed that you attribute to him. He was kind, good, tender-hearted, although he lived in rebellion against some of the ordinary laws of society. There was nothing base or mean about him. If he had killed a man, he would not have told lies about it; he would have said that he had done it and borne the punishment. He was a brave man; he was not a murderer."

Still Hubert did not answer. He dared not let her see his face; she must not know the torture her words inflicted on him. She went on.

"Lately I have thought that it would be better for me to face the whole thing out, and not act as if I were ashamed of my father, who is no murderer, but a martyr and an innocent man. I took my first step last night by telling your aunt Miss Vane that 'West' was only an assumed name. I had never said that before. Do you remember how she looked at me—how she hated me—when we stood outside the gates of Beechfield Park that afternoon? The sight of me made her ill; and, if she knew me by my right name, it would make her ill again. If I had known that you were their cousin, I would never have let you see my face!"

"Cynthia, have a little mercy!" cried Hubert, suddenly starting up and dashing his hair back from his discolored distorted face. "Do you think I am such a brute? What does it matter to me about your father? Was I so unkind, so cruel to you when you were a child that you cannot trust me now?

"Look at me, said looking at him gently, but with a sort of aloofness which he had never seen in her before; "you were good to me then. You saved me from the workhouse; you would not even let me go to the charity school that Mrs. Rumbold recommended. You did not be a good girl, and said that some day I should see my father again." She put her hand to her throat, as if choking by hysteric symptom, but at once controlled herself and went on. "I see it all now. It was through you, I suppose, that I was sent to St. Elizabeth's, where I was treated something like a civilized being. It was you to whom they applied as to whether I should be removed from the lower to the upper ward, and you—out of your charity to the murderer's daughter—you paid for me forty pounds a year. I did not know that I had so much to be grateful for to you. I have taken gifts from one who knowing; but this is the last of it—I will never take another now!"

"Are you so proud, Cynthia, that you cannot bear me to have helped you a little? My love, I did not know, I never guessed that you were Westwood's daughter. But can you never forgive me for having done my best for you? Do you think I love you one whit the less?"

"Oh, I see—you think that I am ungenerous," cried Cynthia, and that it is a pride which stands in your way! Well, so it is—this kind of pride—that I will not accept gifts from those who believe my father to be a murderer when I believe in his innocence. They did well never to tell me who was my benefactor—for whom I was taught to pray when I saw the Bible beside'n. If I had known, the place would not have he.d me for a day when I was old enough to understand! At first I was too ignorant, too stupefied by the whole affair to understand that the Vanes were keeping me at school and supporting me. It is horrible—it is sickening—to send my father guilty, to the gallows, and his child to school! Much better have let me go to the workhouse! Do you think I wish to be indebted to people who think my father a murderer!"

"You mistake!" said Hubert quickly. "The Vanes knew nothing about it. If Mrs. Rumbold, as it said, so, it was my fault. I did not like her to think that I was doing it alone. And, as for me, Cynthia, I never thought your father guilty—never!"

He trembled beneath the burning gaze she turned on him, and his color changed from white to red, and then to white again. He felt as if he had been guilty of the meanest subterfuge of his whole life.

"You never thought so?" she said with a terrible gasp. "Then was he guilty? Who did that murder, Hubert? Do—you—know?"

She could not say, "Was your sister guilty, and you are shielding her?"

He looked at her helplessly. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; he could not speak. With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees before him and seized his hands.

"You know—you know! Oh, Hubert, clear my father's name! Never mind whom you sacrifice! Let the punishment fall on the head of the wrong-doer—not on my dear father's! I will forgive you for having been silent so long, if now you will only speak. I will love you always, I will give you my life, if you will but let the truth be known!"

He gathered his forces together by an almost superhuman effort, and managed to speak at last; but the sweat stood in great drops on his brow.

"Cynthia, don't—don't speak so, for God's sake! I know nothing, I have nothing to say!"

Clinging to his knees, she looked up at him, her eyes full of supplication.

"Is the cost too great?" she cried. "Will you not tell the truth for my sake—for Cynthia's sake?"

Scarcely knowing what he did, he pushed back his chair, and wrenched himself free from her entreating hands.

"I cannot bear this, Cynthia! If I could—But it is of no use; I have nothing—nothing to tell."

He had moved away from her; but he came back when he saw that she had fallen forward with her face on the chair where he had been sitting. He leaned over her. At first he thought that she had fainted; but presently the movement of her shoulders showed him that she was but vainly endeavoring to suppress a burst of agonizing sobs.

"Cynthia," he said, "believe in my love, darling! If you believe in nothing else, you may be sure of that."

He laid his hand gently round her neck, and, finding that she did not repulse him, knelt beside her and tried to draw her to his breast. For a few minutes she let her head rest on his shoulder, and clung to him as if she could not let him go. When she grew calmer, he began to whisper tender words into her ear.

"Cynthia, I will give up all the world for your sake! Let us go away from England together, and live only for each other, darling! We could be happy somewhere, away from the cold and strife of Londonland. I have but you, dearest—only you! If you like, we would go to America and see whether we could not find your poor father, who, I have heard, is living there; and we could cheer his last days together. Will you not make me happy in this way, Cynthia? Be my wife, and let us forget all the world beside."

She shook her head. She had wept so violently that at first she could not speak.

"Why do you shake your head? You do not doubt my love? My darling, I count the world well lost for you! Do not distrust me again! Do you think I mind what people may say, or what my relatives say? You are Cynthia and my love to me, and whose daughter you are matters nothing—nothing at all!"

"But it matters to me, she, whispered, brokenly—"and I cannot consent."

"Dearest, don't say that! You must consent! Your only chance of happiness lies with me, and mine with you."

"But you have promised yourself," she murmured, "to Enid Vane."

"Conditionally; and I am certain—certain that she does not care for me.

"I am not certain," she whispered.

Then there was a little pause, during which he felt that she was bracing herself to say something which was hard for her to say.

"I have made up my mind," she said at length, "to take nothing away from Enid Vane that is dear to her. Do you remember how we pleaded with you for me? Do you remember how good she was—how kind? She gave me her shilling because I had had no food that day. I never spent it—I have that shilling still. I have worn it ever since, as a sort of talisman against evil." She felt in her bosom and brought out the coin attached by a little string around her neck. "It has been my greatest treasure! I have had so few treasures in my life. And do you think I am going to be ungrateful? If it broke my heart to give you up, I would not hesitate one moment, when I had reason to think that you were plighted to Enid Vane."

She drew herself away from him as she spoke, and rose to her full height. Hubert stood before her. his eyes on the floor, his lips white and tremulous. What could he say? He had nothing but his love to plead—and his love looked a poor and common thing beside that purity of motive. that height of purpose, that intensity of noble passion which at that moment made Cynthia's face beautiful.

"I will see you no more," she said. "You must go back to Enid Vane, and you must make her happy. For me, I have another work to do. in my own way I—I shall be happy too. There is a double barrier between us, and we must never meet again."

"Is it a barrier that can never be broken down, Cynthia?"

"No," she said—"not unless my father is shown to be innocent to the world and the stain removed from his name—not unless we are sure—sure that Enid Vane has no affection for you—that she is your wife and a friend. And those things are impossibilities; so we must say good-bye."

It seemed as if he had not understood her words. He muttered something, and clutched at the table behind him as if to keep himself from falling.

"Impossibilities indeed!" he said hoarsely, after a moment's pause. "Good-bye, Cynthia!"

Struck with pity for his haggard face and hollow eyes, Cynthia came up to him, put her hands on his shoulders, and kissed his cheek.

"I was mad just now! I said more than I think I meant, Hubert. Forgive me before you go; but never come here again."

Their eyes met, and then some instinct prompted her to whisper very low:

"Could you not, even now, save my father if you tried?"

Surely his good angel pleaded with him in Cynthia's guise; and, looking into her face, he answered as he had never thought to answer in this world:

"Yes, Cynthia; if I took his place, I could."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Westwood had scouted Cynthia's notion that the woman in black who seemed to be following them could possibly be a spy; nevertheless he meditated upon it with some anxiety, and resolved, on his arrival at his lodgings, to be wary and circumspect was at St. Elmo's, the house his guard. He relapsed therefore into the very uncommunicative "single gentleman" whom Mrs. Gunn, his landlady, had at first found him to be, and refused rather gruffly the invitation that afternoon to take tea with her in her own parlor in the company of herself and her niece.

"He's grumpy sometimes," she said to this niece, who was no other than Sabina Meldreth, now paying a visit—on business principles—of indefinite duration—at the house in Camden Town; "and I did think that you'd melted him a bit last week, Sabina! But he's as close as wax! Let's sit down to our tea before it gets black and bitter, as it will, I dare say."

"He must have seen me in the Gardens," said Sabina, who was dressed in the brightest of blue gowns, with red ribbons at her throat and wrist, "though I should never have thought that he would recognize me, being in black and having that thick black fall over my face."

"I don't see what you want to foller him for!" said Mrs. Gunn. "What business o' yours was it where he went and what he did? I don't think you'll ever make anything of him"—for Miss Meldreth had begun to harbor matrimonial designs on the unconscious Mr. Reuben Dare.

"I'm not so sure," said Sabina. "Once get a man by himself, and he does a good deal of thing with him, so long as there's no other woman in the way."

"And is there another woman in the way?"

"Yes, Aunt Eliza, there is."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Gunn, emptying the water jug into the tea-pot in pure absence of mind. "You saw him with one, did you?"

"Yes, aunt Eliza, I did."

"And what was she like, Sabina?"

"Well, some folks would call her handsome," said Sabina dubiously; "and she was dressed like a lady—I'll say that for her. But what's odd is that I'm nearly sure I heard her call him 'Father.' She's young enough to be his daughter, anyway."

"Did he call her anything?"

"I couldn't hear. But I'll tell you what I did afterwards, aunt Eliza; I followed her when she came out at the gate—and she didn't see me then. She went straight to a house in Norton square, and I managed to make some inquiries about her at a confectioner's shop in the neighborhood. The house belongs to a music-mistress; and this girl is a singer. 'Cynthia West,' they call her—I've seen her name in the newspapers. Well, I thought I would wait round a bit, and presently I saw a man go to the house to deliver a note; and thinks I to myself, 'I know that fellow.' And so I did. It was Mr. Lepel's man, Jenkins, as used to come down with him to Beechfield."

"You don't say so!" cried Mrs. Gunn, raising her hands in amazement.

"He knew me," Sabina proceeded, tranquilly; "and so we had a little chat together. I says to him: 'Who is it you take notes to at number five—the old lady or the young one?' 'Oh,' says he, 'the young one, to be sure. Scrumptious, isn't she?' 'Cynthia West?' says I. 'Yes,' he says—' and Mrs. Hubert Lepel before very long, if I've got eyes to see! He's always after her.' 'That ain't very likely,' I said, 'because he's got a young lady in the country.' 'One in the country and one in the town,' he says, with a wink—'that's the usual style, isn't it?' Of course, I let on as though I was familiar, I said good day to him and came away.

"What will you do now then, Sabina?"

"Well," said Sabina reflectively, "I think I shall let Mrs. Vane know. She'd be glad to have a sort of handle against her brother, I'm thinking. And these letters to Mr. Dare and Miss West—seem to have got something to do with Beechfield, for I'm certain it was to Beechfield he went when he left here for that fortnight. He gave no address—that was natural maybe—but he'd got the Whitminster label on his bag when he came back. And, if Miss West was being courted by Mr. Lepel, and her father wanted to know who Mr. Lepel was and all about him, he might easily gather that Beechfield was the place to go to. I suppose he wanted to find out whether Mr. Lepel was engaged to Miss Vane or not. And I've a sort of idea too that there's something mysterious about it all. Why shouldn't he have said straight out where he was going, especially when I had already told him that I lived Whitminster so well and belonged to Beechfield? It seems to me that Mr. Dare has got something to conceal; and I'd like to know what it is before I go any farther."

"Any farther!" said her aunt contemptuously. "It don't seem to me that you've got very far!"

"Farther than you think," was Miss Meldreth's reply. "He's afraid of me, or else he would have come to tea this afternoon. And a woman can always manage a man that's afraid of her."

Fortified by this conviction, Sabina sat down after tea to indite a letter to Mrs. Vane. She was not a very deft scribe; and the spelling of plain words was a mystery to her. But, with the faults of its orthography corrected, the letter finally stood thus:

"MADAM.—I thought you might like to know as how there is a gentleman, named Reuben Dare, lodging here at my aunt's as seems to have a secret interest in Beechfield. I think, but I am not quite sure, that he spent a few days at the Beechfield inn not long ago. He is tall and thin and brown, with white hair and beard and very black eyes. He will not talk much about Beechfield, and yet seems to know it well. Says he comes from America. He was walking for a long time in Kensington Gardens this morning with a young woman that goes by the name of Cynthia West and is a singer. She calls him 'Father.' Madam, I take the liberty of informing you that Mr. H. Lepel visits her constant, and is said to be going to marry her. She is what gentlemen call good-looking, though too dark for my taste. It does not seem to be generally known that she has a parent living. "Yours respectfully,

"SABINA MELDRETH."

Mrs. Vane read this letter with considerable surprise. She meditated upon it for some time with closed lips and knitted brows; then she rang the bell for Parker.

"Parker," she said, "can you tell me whether any strangers have been visiting Beechfield lately?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! There was an old gentleman at the Crown a few days ago. The post-office woman told me that he came from America."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes, ma'am—'Mr. Dare.'"

"The woman at the postoffice told you that! Did you never see him?"

"Yes, ma'am. He spoke to me one evening when I'd run out with a letter, and asked me the way to the Hall."

"And then?"

"He said he'd heard of a Mr. Lepel at Beechfield, ma'am," said Parker, rather hesitatingly, "and that he knew a Mr. Lepel and wondered whether it was the same. But it wasn't. The Mr. Lepel he knew was short and fair and was married; the Mr. Lepel of Beechfield, he told him, was dark and tall and engaged to Miss Vane."

"You had no right to tell him that, Parker; it is not public property."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure, ma'am! I'd heard it so often that I thought everybody knew."

"What else did this Mr. Dare say?"—"I don't remember, ma'am."

"Did he ask no more questions! Did he ask, for instance, whether Mr. Lepel was not very fond of Miss Vane?"

"Well, yes, ma'am; now you mention it, I think he did—though how you came to guess it—"

"Never mind how I came to guess it. What did you say?"

"I said that he worshipped the ground she trod upon, and that she was just the same with him."

"And pray how did you know that?"—Parker shuffled.

"Well, ma'am, I couldn't rightly say; but it's what is general with young ladies and young gentlemen, and it wouldn't have looked well, I thought, to ha' said anythink else."

"Oh, I see! The speech was rightly conventional," said Flossy cynically. "I congratulate you, Parker, on always doing as much harm as you can whenever you take anything in hand. Did he seem pleased by what you said?"

"Not exactly pleased, ma'am—nor displeased; I think, if anything, he was more pleased than not."

"That will do," Mrs. Vane said shortly; and Parker retired, much relieved in her mind by having come off, as she considered, so well.

Mrs. Vane proceeded to electrify the household the next morning by announcing that she must at once go up to London in order to see her dentist. She announced her intention at a time when the general, who was breakfasting, could not possibly accompany her. She said to him very sweetly that she had chosen that hour on purpose because she did not want to put him to needless inconvenience, and had preferred to go with Parker only as her companion. She hated to be seen, she said, when she was in pain.

The general fumed and fretted; but, as he had an important meeting to attend at Whitminster that day, he could but put his wife into the train and give Parker endless injunctions to be careful of her mistress. Parker promised fervently to do all that lay in her power; and with a sarcastic smile she listened to the general's orders and her maid's asseverations with equal tranquillity. They had the carriage all to themselves and not until the train was nearing London did Mrs. Vane rouse herself from the semi-slumber in which she seemed to have passed the journey. Then she sat up suddenly, with a curiously wide-awake and resolute air, and addressed herself to her maid.

"I shall not require you at all to-day, Parker. I brought you only because the general would never have allowed me to come alone; but I dislike being attended by any one when I go to the dentist's or the doctor's. You may wait at the railway station until I come back. I may be only an hour, or I may be gone all day."

"The general's orders, ma'am," began Parker, with a gasp; but her mistress cut the sentence short at once.

"I suppose you understand that you are my servant and not the general's!" she said. "You will obey my orders if I please."

She gave the maid some money and instructions to spend as much as she pleased at buffet and luncheon-bar until her return.

"Enjoy yourself as much as you like and as much as you can," said Mrs. Vane, carelessly—"only don't stir from the station, for when I come back I shall want you at once."

She installed the faithful Parker safely in the waiting-room, and then went out and got into a cab—"Number 5, Mr. Vane's dentist." She wish to be seen in her drive through the London streets. The address which she gave to the cabman was not that of a dentist, but of the lodgings at present tenanted by her brother.

Parker remained at the station in a state of tearful collapse. She was terribly afraid of being questioned and scolded by the general when she got back for neglect of her trust. She was certainly what Flossy had called her—"faithful to her master's interests." But her mistress required; but it had not as yet even occurred to her that Mrs. Vane was quite certain to require, inter alia, to know the general and everybody else, on the question of her disposition of the day. And, if silence was impossible, a good lie would do as well. But Parker had not yet grasped the full amount of devotion that was expected of her.

Hubert has seldom been more surprised in his life than when the elegantly-dressed lady who was ushered into his sitting-room proved to be his sister Florence. She had never visited him before. He sprang up from his writing-table, which was piled high with books and manuscripts, flung a half-smoked cigar into the grate, and greeted her with a mixture of doubt and astonishment, which amused if it did not flatter the astute Mrs. Vane.

"This is indeed an unexpected pleasure! I hope you are not the bearer of ill news, Flossy! Is anything wrong at Beechfield?"

"Oh, dear no! I came up to see my dentist," said Flossy carelessly, "and I thought that I would give you a call *en passant*. So these are your rooms! Not at all bad for a bachelor!"

"That is high praise from you, I suppose," said Hubert, smiling faintly.

"But you do not look at all well, Hubert. What is the matter with you? You look terribly pale!"

Her remark was justified by his appearance. His face had a drawn look which added ten years to his age; his eyes seemed almost to have sunk into his head. He made an impatient gesture, and looked away.

"I have not been very well," he said; "but there is no need to speak about it. I am very busy, and I want rest—change of scene and air."

"Why not come down to Beechfield?"

He gave a slight but perceptible shudder.

"No," he said briefly, and then stood leaning against the writing table, and was silent.

"Hubert," said Flossy, "you tell me where I came to you. Can you tell me where I can find a file of the *Times* newspaper for the early months of the year 187—?"—she mentioned the years of Vane's death and the trial of Andrew Westwood.

"You want—the trial?" said her brother, with an evident effort. She bowed her head. "Why?"

"I have forgotten one or two points in the evidence. I want to recall them to my mind."

He stood looking at her silently.

"It doesn't matter," she said, feigning indifference, and rising as if to take her leave; "I can see the papers in a public library, no doubt. The General would not have a copy left in the house. I will go elsewhere."

"It is needless," Hubert answered, in a glooomy tone. "I have kept copies myself. Wait a moment, and I will bring them to you."

"I thought that you would probably possess them," said Flossy softly, as she settled herself once more in her comfortable chair.

He went into another room, and soon returned bearing in his arms a little pile of papers, yellow indeed with age, but, as Mrs. Vane noticed, completely free from dust. It was evident that some one else had been very lately turning them; but she made no comment on the subject.

"Go on with your writing," she said, begnaling to take off her grey gloves with admirable coolness. "I can find what I want without your aid."

He gave her a long look, then set the papers on a little table beside her and returned to his own seat. He did not however begin to write again. He turned the chair almost with its back to Mrs. Vane, and clasped his hands behind his fine dark head. In this position he remained perfectly motionless until she had finished her examination of the newspapers. In a quarter of an hour she declared herself satisfied.

"Are you found all that you wanted?"

"Oh, yes, thank you!" One important item she had certainly secured—the fact that Westwood's daughter had been named "Cynthia Jane," "Cynthia Jane Westwood"—"Cynthia West"—it was plain enough to her quick intelligence that the two were one and the same. Hubert had never thought of looking for the name of Westwood's little daughter in the *Times*.

"By-the-bye," said Flossy lightly, "I hear sad tales of you in town. How often is it that you go to see the new singer—Miss West? Has poor Enid a rival?"

He did not look round; but she saw that her question sent a shock through his nerves.

"I do not know what you mean," he answered coldly.

"Oh, do you not? You may as well speak the truth—to me, Hubert. Are you going to marry Miss West or Miss Vane—which?"

"Neither, I think."

"Don't be absurd. Are you going to marry Miss West?"—"No."

"Shall you marry Enid Vane?"

"It is not very likely that she will marry me."

Something in the intense dreariness of his tone struck painfully on Florence's ear. She rose and put her hand on Hubert's shoulder.

"What is the matter, dear Hubert?"

He shook off her hand as if it had been a noxious reptile of which he desired to rid himself, and rose to his feet.

"You must not mind what I say to-day, Florence. I am not well. I—I shall see you another time."

"Of course you will—plenty of times, I hope!" A look of dismay began to show itself in Flossy's velvet-brown eyes. You are not contemplating any new step, I hope? I—"

"Don't be alarmed!" he said, with a hoarse unnatural laugh. "Before I take any new step I will come to you. I will not leave you without a warning." Then he seemed to recover his self-possession and spoke in more measured tones. "Nonsense, Florence—don't concern yourself about me. I have a bad headache—that is all. If I am left alone, I shall soon be better."

"I hope you will," said Flossy, rather gravely. "for you look alarmingly ill to-day. You should send for the doctor, Hubert. And I will say good-bye, for I have two or three other things to do to-day, besides going to my dentist's. The cab is at the door; you need not come down."

She rose, as she really expected him to do, to see her to her cab; but a sensation of dizziness and faintness made him sit down again where they his head rest. She seemingly alarmed, Florence rang for Jenkins, his man, and gave strict orders that the doctor should be sent for at once. Then, feeling that she had for the present at least done her duty, she took her leave promising to call again before she left town that afternoon.

Jenkins went for the doctor, as Mrs. Vane had told him to do. When that gentleman arrived, he found Mr. Lepel stretched on a sofa in a half-unconscious state, and declared him to be in one of the incipient stages of brain-fever.

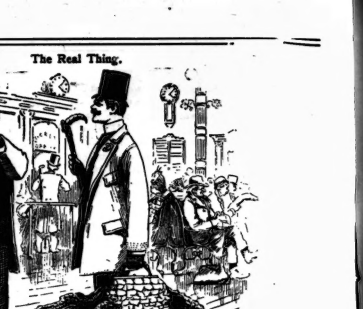
(To be Continued.)

A Splendid View.

"Had you a good view on the Rigi, Herr Lieutenant?"

"Yes; magnificent! Had three splendid girls sitting opposite to me at the dinner table."

The Real Thing.



Bob Thingum—Competing with Barnum, I notice.
Matts Hisname—No. So many imitations of alligator-skin—had to have it made up whole.
—*Puck.*

It Was Not To Be.

Little Rudolph falls desperately in love with Ida, who is in the girls' department of the same school, so he squeezes the following billet-doux into her hand at recess: "DEAR IDA—I love you so much. Won't you marry me?" Ida's reply was as follows: "MY DEAR RUDOLPH,—I love you, too, but I can't marry you, as there are already too many children in our family."

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Thames, gliding along so smoothly, with its precious freights, with great buildings and warehouses on either side of it, and with the stout stream of busy human life crossing and re-crossing its bridges, might have been induced to glide on even more smoothly if the pretty villas rose upon its banks and smooth, velvety green lawns sloped down to its very edges.

It was the same river—and yet how different! Instead of dingy houses and factories and smoking chimneys, there were pretty white cottages and red-brick mansions nestling amid the trees, their gardens bright with summer flowers, their windows shining in the sun. There were no penny steamers, no coal-laden barges on its smooth bosom here, but gaily-painted launches, dainty little pleasure-boats with brilliant-colored cushions, and pretty girls holding the tiller-ropes.

Lady Marian Ashton's house, the Nook, stood in a sheltered bend of the river, and was one of the prettiest houses on the banks of the Thames. There were fine old trees on its lawns, and the grounds were quite extensive. The house itself was of red brick, which time had softened to a deep rich shade which harmonized perfectly with the greenery in which it was embowered. There was a picturesque little boat-house and landing-place, and an equally picturesque summer house, with wicker furniture upholstered in gaudy Liberty cretonnes, which was a favorite resort of the mistress of the Nook and her guests.

The glorious first of June" was the day fixed for Lola Bateman's wedding and for Lady Marian's garden party—an annual institution which was in great favor among her friends.

Lola's wedding, not being an annual institution, caused perhaps more excitement than the garden-party. It was a very brilliant affair; for the day was as sunny and warm as any young bride could have desired. The ceremony was a very ornate one, with fine music, vestments, and even a *soupcon* of incense, and the fashionable church was crowded. Lola was too essentially a girl of the period not to wish for a wedding which would be duly chronicled in the society papers as one of the weddings of the season; and she had not been too much in love—although she was sincerely fond of her *fiance*—to take a very active part in the choice of her elaborate *trousseau*—which was a gift from Sir Humphrey—and to be terribly excited over the wedding-dress made by some great Parisian *faiseur*, which arrived from Paris only a couple of hours before that fixed for the marriage. When she was arrayed in it, she looked a very charming and self possessed nineteenth century bride; while the bridegroom, although he had lost some of his usual languid impassiveness, bore himself calmly and well.

To Stanley the ceremony was a very trying ordeal. Passing up the aisle among the fair group of bridesmaids, she had looked up for a moment, to meet Hugh Cameron's eyes fixed upon her with a look of intense sadness; she had caught the expression as she passed, and it haunted her all through the ceremony. But, painful as the ordeal was to her, it seemed almost more than Hugh himself could bear. To see her there, the woman for whom his soul craved, clad in white like a bride, to hear the words spoken which they had hoped to utter side by side, and to know that they could never be anything to each other, that the love he could not kill was sin and guilt, filled him with an agony which it was difficult to endure in silence. His face was pale and stern as if it were carved in stone; and his wife, standing beside him, the most beautiful woman in the whole assembly, saw how his hand closed over the carved back of the pew in front of them, and grasped it with a grasp which showed the intensity of his pain. Her own face, in its delicate loveliness, was almost as colorless as his own, as, looking around her nervously, she saw Francis Ashton's calm clear-cut face where he stood behind one of the pillars of the crowded church.

It was rather late in the afternoon when Stanley and her father reached the Nook, and Lady Marian's grounds were bright with the gay dresses of her guests. There was a celebrated foreign string-band playing on the lawn, and tennis, archery and flirtation were in full swing.

Lady Marian, a tall stately woman, with none of her sister Lady Sara Cameron's delicate loveliness, came forward smilingly to meet them. Stanley was somewhat pale from the fatigue of the morning, and her eyes looked tired; she wore her white bridesmaid's gown, which was made in a quaint antique style, with a white Gainsborough hat.

Dr. Graham joined them almost immediately; and Stanley moved away with him to a seat under one of the fine old cedars.

"How bright and pretty it all is!" the girl said wistfully; she was thinking of another garden by the river where she had passed some sorrowful moments, and wondering whether Hugh Cameron and his wife were present.

There were too many people for any one to be distinguished immediately; but, after a time, a group of gentlemen gathered round a lady who sat with her profile turned toward Stanley broke up to allow some one to move away, and Stanley saw that the lady who was holding the little court under the old cedar was Laura Cameron.

"Mrs. Cameron is here alone," remarked Doctor Graham, as he followed the direction of her glance. "Her husband is coming down later, I suppose," he added, smiling. "that her gown is a very becoming one, for she looks exceedingly beautiful."

"It is very becoming," Stanley answered; "but Mrs. Cameron's beauty is independent of her gowns. She is always lovely."

Her admiration was perfectly genuine and sincere. She was wondering a little how any man married to Laura could resist her beauty and her charm. A feeling almost like jealousy stirred her heart for a moment as she looked across at Hugh's wife. Laura's dress was of a gray material brocaded in a faint pink, with a touch of pale green here and there; it shimmered in the sun as its rich folds rested on the sward, and her hair gleamed like gold.

Doctor Graham, although he kept at Stanley's side, by no means monopolized her attention. By-and-bye her little court was almost as large as Mrs. Cameron's. Sir Humphrey had met with an old friend and was walking about with him, evidently enjoying the fresh air, and talking with more animation than usual. Presently Lady Marian came up to Stanley's wicker chair and told her that Sir Humphrey had accepted for her and for himself an invitation to remain to dinner. The friend he had been so delighted to see—General Treharne—was staying at the Nook, and one or two of the other guests were also to remain, among them Doctor Graham. Stanley smiled and answered pleasantly, but in her heart she was not pleased, and she began to wonder uneasily if Mrs. Cameron and Hugh would be among those who were going to stay.

"Will you come upon the river with me?" said Lord Sevon, coming up to her flushed and handsome in his picturesque tennis-suit. "I will take the greatest care of you, Miss Gerant!"

"Stanley, remember your promise!" Doctor Graham observed, smiling, as he saw the shadow which had fallen upon the girl's fair face when the Earl had proffered his request.

"Will you take the greatest care of me also, Lord Sevon? Otherwise I fear Miss Gerant must refuse. She promised me a row this afternoon."

"And you will help me to redeem my promise, will you not?" said Stanley, smiling, as she rose; and, whatever the young man's inner feelings were, he disguised them admirably and declared that he would be delighted.

It was very pleasant on the river; the sun was losing some of its brightness and warmth, for it was drawing towards evening. Lord Sevon rowed strongly and well. Stanley was steering, her white figure thrown into strong relief by the crimson boat-cushions. She looked very sweet and serious, the young man thought. Dr. Graham thought so also as he watched her from the other end of the gaily-painted little skiff—too serious, far too serious, for so young a woman, the kind physician thought. They were almost silent as the Earl, with long powerful strokes, urged the boat through the water; they passed pretty houses and gardens, from many of which came the shouts and laughter of youthful tennis-players.

The air had begun to freshen a little when Dr. Graham suggested that it was time to return; and Lord Sevon was immediately compelled to give heed to the suggestion.

It was a long time before Stanley forgot that quiet pleasant hour on the river. She was rather tired, and she felt grateful for the rest; afterwards it seemed to her as if it had been but the calm preceding the awful storm which was so soon to burst over her head—but, at the same time, she was glad to drift along without having to talk or smile. When they drew near the landing-place of the Nook, the band on the lawn was playing the Miserere, from Il Trovatore, and the soft, sad, mournful strains seemed in harmony with the evening sky. The lawns were almost deserted now; but Mrs. Cameron stood by the landing-place, a somewhat desolate figure.

"I came down to meet you," she said, in a tone that was meant to express gaiety, but which jarred upon Stanley's ears. "Almost every one has left. Lord Sevon, Lady Marian wished me to say that there is a dressing-room at your service. Miss Gerant, shall we have half an hour's rest and solitude in the summer-house before we go in to prepare for dinner?"

"I did not know it was so late," replied Stanley, as Lord Sevon assisted her out of the boat. "Thank you," she added, smiling at him kindly, but with a frank friendliness which seemed to fill him with despair.

They walked up the lawn together. The river was growing gray and dim, and dusky shadows were beginning to gather among the old cedars, and the music sounded sadly. Midway across the lawn Mrs. Cameron paused.

"The summer house is in this direction," she said abruptly. "You will come with me—will you not? Doctor Graham will excuse us, I am sure."

"Yes—on condition that neither of you takes cold," he answered, smiling. "The air is getting chilly."

"Oh, we will be careful!" returned Mrs. Cameron, as she slipped her hand within Stanley's arm and hurried away, while the two men went on towards the house. "How sad the music sounds!" said Laura, with a shiver. "The river is enough to make one melancholy without that doleful dirge! Are you not very tired after such a hard day's work! How charming the wedding was! I had no idea that Lola Bateman could look so pretty."

"She was talking quickly, as if she labored under some nervous excitement. Stanley felt that the hand upon her arm was quite steady, and saw that her companion was very pale.

"I am not tired," she answered gently; "but I fear you are. I hope you will be able to rest before dinner; it is not to be until nine, I think Lady Marian said."

"I am not tired; but I am a little anxious," Mrs. Cameron rejoined, as they entered the pretty rustic summer-house. "I cannot think what is detaining my husband," she added, as she took her hand from Stanley's arm and went restlessly to one of the two windows which looked towards the west, and therefore received the last rays of the setting sun; then as restlessly she came back again. "He said he would come down early; but he has not arrived yet. Francis Ashton too! How strange it is! Lady Marian is as much puzzled as I am."

As much puzzled, but not so much distressed, Stanley thought, as the sun shone on the beautiful pallid face, which bore so strange an expression of fear, almost of terror, that Stanley herself was startled.

"Perhaps they are late intentionally," she said gently. "Men, as a rule, eschew garden parties unless they are tennis players."

"Francis promised Lady Marian to act as host," Laura remarked restlessly. "I cannot understand—" She took off her gloves and bonnet as she spoke, throwing them carelessly upon the wicker table. "How hot it is!" she went on, with a wan smile. "Doctor Graham need not have been afraid of our taking cold!"

She opened one of the windows to let in the fresh evening air, then began moving restlessly about the summer-house, a prey to such intense agitation that Stanley grew more and more surprised. She moved from door to window, from window to door; she sat down for a moment on one of the wicker chairs, then rose and moved about again, clasping and unclasping her hands in irrepressible nervousness.

"What can detain them?" she said, as if to herself. "Are they together? What shall I do? I cannot bear the suspense!"

"Are you not distressing yourself needlessly?" asked Stanley gently. "Ill news always travels apace, you know. Nothing can have happened. You will make yourself quite ill with agitation, dear Mrs. Cameron."

She went to the window near which Laura was standing and took her hand; it was feverishly hot and trembling, while her lips were quivering, and her eyes shone brightly.

Stanley's gentle touch seemed to influence her strangely. She shivered as her eyes met Stanley's for a moment.

"I am ill," she said untenidly; "it upsets me so to be anxious, and—Ah, what is that?"

She seized Stanley's arm convulsively as the sound of footsteps without fell upon her ears. Two gentlemen were sauntering slowly down one of the gravel paths in the neighborhood of the summer-house; but a glance sufficed to show that they were strangers. Laura's clasp of Stanley's arm relaxed; she fell heavily against the wall, breathing quickly.

"Let me take you back to the house," said Stanley kindly. "You are overfatigued, and consequently nervous. You want half an hour's rest."

"I am not tired," Laura answered faintly; "but I am frightened. I have been in a state of fear all day. You cannot understand, because you do not know."

She was white to her lips, and trembled so that Stanley feared she might fall.

"Do sit down!" pleaded the girl, pushing forward a wicker-chair and gently forcing her to be seated.

"I am ill!" she murmured faintly. "Don't leave me! Stay with me!"

She sprang to her feet with a bitter cry, her eyes fixed upon the open doorway. Stanley, startled at her sudden movement, followed her glance, and saw Hugh Cameron and Francis Ashton coming towards them. The lawyer looked very pale, but perfectly calm and impassive; while Hugh, with his dark eyes on fire and terrible anger, and his lips were set sternly and relentlessly.

His wife knew, as she too tarried there awaiting his coming, that the blow had fallen, and the pallor deepened on her face as, with a last despairing effort of proud pride, she stood erect by the table, leaning her hand upon it; while Stanley turned wonderingly to the two men as they came swiftly across the velvety greensward and mounted the steps leading into the summer house. As they did so, Stanley heard the woman near her whisper:

"It has come at last! It has come!"

(To be continued.)

The Sweetest Song.

A place of great interest to the tourist at Washington is the grave of John Howard Payne, the author of the heart's lyric, Home, Sweet Home. It is located at Oak Hill, the beautiful city of the dead in Georgetown, where many illustrious names are carved upon tombs. It is near the gate and visitors are not compelled to ask the way or submit to any rules except the ordinary ones forbidding them to desecrate the graves by carrying off trophies of their visit. The shaft is of white Carrara marble, resting on a base of granite six feet square. On the sides are medallions in relief, one bearing a lyre inclosed in a wreath of laurel, the other a scroll crossed by a wreath of palms. By the side of the grave reposes the marble slab which formerly covered the grave of the poet in Tunis. A memorial verse is inscribed upon its surface. It was written by Robert S. Chilton when he heard of the poet's death:

"Sure when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome,
With arms outstretched God's angels said,
Welcome to Heaven's Home Sweet Home."

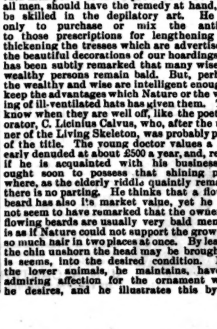
The whole plat is a mass of green laurel. It was thirty years after the death of Payne that the Washington millionaire, W. W. Corcoran, whose remains now rest in the same cemetery, had the dust of the poet brought back to his native land from its original burying place in Tunis. Mr. Payne was American Consul at the time of his death. It was an event that roused the interest of two hemispheres. When his body was disinterred it was found that the long roots of a tree guarding the grave had crept down and into the coffin, and were interlaced over the poet's forehead, like the caressing fingers of one who loved him.

A singular mistake was made in the sculptured face of the figure on the monument. He was represented with a beard, and nearly all the views of the monument in the guide books are copied from that design. But the beard has been removed, and the face now shows only the mustache the poet really wore. The bust was sent back to the sculptor to have this change made.

Accepted with Thanks

"Permit me, Madam—"

"—to—



"—return your umbrella!!!"—*Puck.*

The Pleasures of Baldness.

That bald Cæsar, the famed Roman wight, is known to have disliked being bald. Hence, his detractors declared, his love of the laurels of victory. Certainly it were a seemly thing if our elderly generals could dine out and go to the play in such laurels as they may happen to have won; for baldness, though indispensable to a young doctor or solicitor, and highly desirable in a statesman, is not coveted by the sons of Mars. A young physician, in a letter to one of the papers, very touchingly bewails the slimness of his purse and the thickness of his ambrosia locks. "The high and dome-like forehead" which is admired in the busts and effigies of Shakespeare seems to this youth a feature indispensable in his profession. Yet he, of all men, should have the remedy at hand, and be skilled in the depilatory art. He has only to purchase or mix the antidote to those prescriptions for lengthening and thickening the tresses which are advertised in the boastful declarations of our boulevards. It has been subtly remarked that many wise and wealthy persons remain bald. But, perhaps, the wealthy and wise are intelligent enough to keep the advantages which Nature or the wearing of ill-ventilated hats has given them. They know when they are well off, like the poet and orator, C. Licinius Calvus, who, after the manner of the Living Skeleton, was probably proud of the title. The young doctor values a head early denuded at about $500 a year, and, really, if he is acquainted with his business, he ought soon to possess that shining place, where, as the elderly riddle quaintly remarks, there is no parting. He thinks that a flowing beard has also its market value, yet he does not seem to have remarked that the owners of flowing beards are usually very bald men. It is as if Nature could not support the growth of so much hair in two places at once. By leaving the chin unshorn the head may be brought, as is seems, into the desired condition. Even the lower animals, he maintains, have an admiring affection for the ornament which he desires, and he illustrates this by the waggishness of an ostrich. The benighted bird attempted to hatch the head of a sleeping Englishman—in South Africa, we presume. This was flattering, but embarrassing on the whole, for the ostrich is a bird with a strong sense of its personal dignity. "Hell has no fury like" an ostrich duped, in its maternal instincts especially, nor can one seriously believe that the Englishman was the happier for the fowl's misplaced affections. If the young physician is right, we may perhaps expect to see depilatories as popularly recommended as the contrary kind of nostrums. But, while a dozen advertisers offer to make the fat thin, nobody has yet discovered a way of making the thin fat. Baldness, according to the doctor, is the result of high degeneration, and persons naturally lean cannot, by taking thought, degenerate in this desirable direction. Sitting up late in an atmosphere of gas may do a good deal, and the tall hat of modern life is also valuable to persons who covet an appearance of precocious wisdom. Every kind of dissipation is also recommended; but this prescription has obvious disadvantages, and is even uncertain. It is not recorded that Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen rose in their profession by baldness; yet no young men ever did more to deserve this gift. To be early gray seems rather the privilege of poets than of physicians, if we may judge by the cases of Shelley and Ronsard. There is reason to believe that Byron would have been bald had he lived a little longer, and it is a matter of curious speculation whether his success would not have waned with his curls and then his days were really in the yellow leaf. On the other hand, he was just the man to wear a wig. The poet, in the following stanza, celebrates a sage who agreed with the young doctor:

"There was an old person of Bristol
Who had a bald head and a pistol;
He shot at his locks
Because they were balder men—
And then blew out his brains with the pistol."

—London Saturday Review.

A Ghastly Spectacle.

An American traveler relates that the battlefield of Tarapaca, on which Peruvians and Chilians met in deadly struggle on November 17, 1879, is to day still, i. e., ten years after the event, covered with corpses mummified by the action of nitrate of soda, with which the ground is impregnated. There are 4,000 Peruvians still awaiting burial, and many carcases of horses, in a comparative state of preservation. Seen by moonlight, the field presents an imposing and terrible picture.

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'Varsity Chat.

The appearance in the field of the Outside party in the recent elections seems, since that party has a rational basis in opposition to Federal sectionalism, to ensure permanence of party lines until its principles are recognized as correct. There were elements not in the Outside party at this election, except partially, which seemed naturally to belong there and which, it is to be hoped, may in their own good time see their way clear to a change of view.

Prof. Pike has the sympathy of all in his misfortune. These things never come singly, as somebody has remarked. The accident will doubtless prove a serious inconvenience to the advanced students in Prof. Pike's department.

On Monday afternoon at the National Science Association Mr. E. C. Jeffrey, B.A., who distinguished himself in Modern Languages in his arts course, read a paper on the Structure of Muscle. The meeting was held in the Biological Department.

The *National*, a Canadian illustrated monthly of high class which was announced to appear on February 1 of this year, has apparently been abandoned. Speaking conjecturally, the venture did not meet with the support it merited. A notice now appears on the bulletin-board in the form of a prospectus of a Canadian quarterly. Perhaps the more modest beginning is wiser. Contributions will be from the ablest Canadian pens. The subscription price is by no means large, only two dollars in fact, a sum which many withhold who would not do so did they reflect that they are hindering the growth of a national literature.

The Mathematical and Physical Society held its regular weekly meeting on Tuesday afternoon in Room 8. Mr. Taylor was elected to membership. The programme consisted of but one item, a paper on the Solution of Algebraic Equations. The societies do not thrive so well as when the library was still with us. Essayists were accustomed to draw much of their material from costly reference books, so that one man might give many the benefit of his labor. Students are put to much inconvenience by the loss of those lamented thirty-three thousand volumes. To make matters worse it is reported to be the intention of those who have charge of such things to bring the exams. on somewhat earlier than usual.

Prof. Hutton is at present delivering a course of lectures on philology, with special reference to Latin and Greek. NEMO.

Trinity Talk.

The annual cricket meeting for the election of officers took place on Monday evening last. There was a good attendance and much enthusiasm was displayed. The secretary read the report of last year's matches, which was not as favorable as it might have been, owing to two defeats early in the season at the hands of East Toronto and Rosedale. The tour eastward was, however, most successful, all three matches being won by large majorities. The batting averages were fair, Mr. Martin and Mr. H. H. Cameron heading the list with fourteen and eleven as their respective averages. Mr. Grout's bowling average of four runs per wicket might almost be classed as phenomenal. In concluding his report the secretary spoke of the condition of the crease and asked that something might be done to improve it, for as it stands at present it will be unable to pitch a decent wicket. Mr. Bedford-Jones, the retiring treasurer, showed a good balance and there is no cause for worry about the club's financial basis. The following officers were then elected: President, the Rev. the Provost; 1st. Vice., Rev. Prof. Jones; 2nd. Vice., Rev. Prof. Symonds; 3rd. Vice., Mr. J. H. Broughall; Sec., Mr. Bedford Jones; Treas., Mr. G. H. Grout; Committee, Messrs. White, Pringle, Martin; Scorer, Mr. J. E. Abbott. In conclusion, the provost said that the finance committee would do all in their power to aid the club in resodding the crease, so a good season's cricket may be looked for.

There was a goodly gathering of students in the reading-room on Tuesday evening last, the occasion of the reading of the annual number of *Episcopon*, the supper for the evening was set up by the freshmen, and they are to be complimented on their success as caterers. With regard to the number of *Episcopon*, too much cannot be said in its favor. Entirely without objectionable matter, yet replete with merry witticisms at the expense of the different students, clever and amusing accounts of college events, all found a place in the old-time college institution. Certainly it may be a hard evening for the thin-skinned, but former times have been evidence of the good of the Venerable Father's words of advice, perhaps not always gently administered, but a court of appeal can always be flown to by those who think themselves too hardly dealt with at the hands of Father, but I should say few, if any, will think it necessary to avail themselves of it this year. The reading of the number was interspersed with songs, and it was not till a late hour that this most enjoyable of evenings broke up. CAECUS.

Art and Artists.

Mr. G. A. Reid of this city exhibited a small picture entitled Forbidden Fruit, at the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts which has just closed in Philadelphia. The picture, which was not exhibited here, represented a young lad reading in a hay mow some book that had been forbidden him by his parents. The picture was highly spoken of by the Philadelphia papers, and Mr. Reid found a buyer in that city.

A comprehensive account of the explorations in the Acropolis of Athens during the past six or seven years has recently appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The results of this work are of great importance to archæologists and students of the history of art. The work has been carried on chiefly by the Greeks themselves. The plan pursued was the clearing away of the Turkish, Byzantine and Roman ruins which partially obscured the purely Hellenic constructions. Among the important discoveries was the discovery of a Temple of Athena, previously unknown, which was the predecessor of Pericles' Parthenon. It was built by Pisistratus. Another important discovery was a massive substructure of enormous extent beneath the Parthenon itself, upon which that temple was subsequently erected by the architects of Pericles. This construction was the work of Cimon and has been buried out of sight for twenty centuries. Many interesting relics have been found which date from before the classic period of Phidias. Many of these are grotesque and the statuary is colored in almost every instance. The coloring is marvelously brilliant when it is considered that it was laid on twenty-three centuries ago.

A Detroit architect claims that the art museum, art gossip and art entertainments in that city are doing his profession good service. He says, "Our clients demand more artistic exteriors and interiors and are willing to pay fair prices for them."

At a meeting of the executive committee of the Art Students' League on Wednesday evening it was decided to hold the spring exhibition of sketches on May 16 and 17.

The exhibition of the Canadian Academy will be held this year in Montreal, early in May. That of the Ontario Society of Artists will probably be held in the same month after the Montreal exhibition.

The art writer on the Pittsburg *Chronicle* gets even with his Chicago confreres as follows: "What's it about?" asked one steam rendered art critic of another as they stood before Angelus. "Why, don't you see the name? That's French for the anglers. They're going fishing." "O yes, sure enough! The picture represents them digging bait." VAN.

For seventeen years Oliver Byron's well-known sensational drama, Across the Continent, has maintained its hold upon popular favor, despite the deluge of English melodramas which have been inflicted upon our theater-goers during that time. The Philadelphia *North American* says: "The members of the company supporting Mr. Byron are eminently fitted for the work assigned them, and as they have been associated with the play for a long time, the result is a most harmonious and satisfactory performance. Mr. Byron invests the role of Joe Ferris with the same earnestness and dash that characterized his performance of the part at the Arch a dozen years ago, when poor Bob Craig, Adam Everty, Sam Hemple and Lizzie Price were in the cast. Miss Kate Byron, as Agnes Constance and Louisa Goodwin, acquitted herself creditably. The remainder of the cast contributed materially to the effectiveness of the play."

Tired of the Old Story.

Soulful Young Woman (looking pensively at mummy)—And thou hast walked about, how strange a story, on Thebes' streets three thousand years——. For heaven's sake, Mr. Slocum, look at that mummy—I fancied I saw it move!

Practical Young Man—Yes, it seemed to be trying to yawn.

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A "GOOSE" POEM.

I'm "coat"-ed round with iron, but with charcoal at my heart,
No matter how in-"vest"-ed I'm bound to feel a smart,
Though nearly stifled by the heat, my "pants" I oft re-"press,"
(Be pressing "seems" to "suit" me, I candidly confess),
But I will never grumble, though handled fast and loose,
If it is by an "Art Tailor," for I'm a "Tailor's Goose."

TONY.

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A Mistake.

Hub Mother (shouting down stairs)—Minerva, are you coming to bed?

Hub Daughter—Let me have another half hour with Robert, ma.

H. M.—Another half hour with Robert! Goodness gracious! Have you a man in the house!

H. D.—The idea! I'm reading Browning.—*N. Y. Press.*

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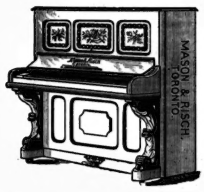

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Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

At last society is settling down into its wonted Lenten quiet, and the general complaint of the worldly ones is that "there is nothing whatever to do."

Mrs. Walker Powell of Friel street gave a small afternoon tea on Saturday last. Among those present were the Misses Gibson, Scott, Smith, Caron, Arnoldi, Richardson, Bogert, Lindsay and Annie Moylan; also Messrs. Scott, Jackson, Taylor, Lay, Wise, Campbell, Carter, Grant and Lambe.

The amateur minstrel performance at the Grand Opera House yesterday (Friday) evening was a great success. Fuller particulars will be given next week.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald received at dinner the following ladies and gentlemen on the 15th inst.: The Hon. Mr. Dewdney and Mrs. Dewdney, the Viscount Morpeth, the Hon. Mr. Caegrain, the Hon. Mr. Girard, the Hon. W. J. Macdonald, the Hon. Mr. McKindsey, Mr. Dickinson, M.P., Mr. Hesson, M.P., Mr. McDougall, M.P. (Cape Breton), and Mrs. Mr. Dougall, Mr. McDougald, M.P. (Pictou), Mr. Robillard, M.P., and Madame Robillard, Mr. Temple, M.P., Mr. Weldon, M.P. (Albert), Mr. Wilmot, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, Mr. Leif Jones (England), Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGee, Mr. and Mrs. William Smith.

The Hon. Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron gave an official dinner on Saturday evening, at which the following ladies and gentlemen were invited: The Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Ailan, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Kaulbach, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lacoste, Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Laurie, Dr. C. F. and Mrs. Ferguson, Dr. Ferguson (Leeds) and Mr. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Perley, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Hon. Edward and Lady Alice Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Weldon, Mr. T. M. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Landry, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Kenny, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mackintosh, Mr. and Mrs. A. Christie, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. Smith, Mr. Streatfeild, Mr. and Miss L. Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGee, Mr. and Mrs. Swinyard, Dr. and Mrs. Bourinot, Major and Mrs. Chapleau, Mr. and Mrs. Z. Palmer, Miss Patterson, Miss Lister, Mr. and Mrs. M. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pope, Mr. W. F. Cochrane, Mr. C. H. Douglas.

Owing to the bad weather there was no At Home at Government House on Saturday afternoon last.

Mrs. Heron of Wilbrod street gave a small tea party the other afternoon.

Mr. Arthur Pope, who was a general favorite, left on Tuesday last for New York, where he has received an appointment on the West Shore Railroad, in the same office as Mr. Don Watters of Ottawa.

The smoking concert given by the Governor-General's Foot Guards in their mess room at the drill hall, Friday evening last, was an unprecedented success. Besides most of the officers of the local corps, several military members of Parliament were present, and the regular army was well represented by Capt. Ricardo, Mr. Wingfield and Mr. Hawkes, all of the Coldstream Guards, Capt. Colville, Mr. Macmahon and Hon. Edward Stanley, all of the Grenadier Guards, and Mr. Streatfeild of the militia. After several bowls of punch had been emptied, replenished and re-emptied and a quiet game of "hat hockey" indulged in, the merry party broke up at about 2 a.m.

BARRIE.

A large audience greeted the Swedish ladies on Wednesday, March 12, in the Town Hall. An excellent programme was given and thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Mr. Ernest Kortright of the Bank of Toronto, Cobourg, has been transferred to the Barrie branch.

Mr. Day of England is at present visiting his sister, Mrs. George Raikes of The Pleasaunce, Barrie.

The pupils and ex-pupils of the Collegiate Institute gave a most successful concert on Thursday evening, March 13. *On dit* that quite a nice little sum was realized after clearing expenses, which is to be donated towards the Toronto University Fund.

Mr. R. H. McVittie spent last Sunday in Cobourg.

Miss Nellie Thomson returned home last Saturday night after spending a very pleasant visit with friends in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Leander Sanders spent last Sunday in Stayner.

Mr. George Crease returned from Toronto last week.

On Thursday, March 20, the Thespians performed Robertson's beautiful comedy entitled Caste, in aid of the Barrie Hospital Fund. On account of this entertainment having taken place so late in the week a full account cannot be given this week. The cast of characters were: Hon. George D'Alroy, Mr. A. Giles; Capt. Hastree, Mr. E. B. Spotton; Eccles, Mr. J. S. Sanford; Sam Gerridge, Mr. E. Mitchell; Dixon, Mr. W. D. B. Spry; the Marquise De St. Maur, Mrs. Lloyd; Polly, Mrs. Sanford; Esther, Mrs. McKenzie.

The St. Patrick's Society held their annual dinner in the Queen's Hotel last Monday night.

Judge Dean of Lindsay is presiding at the Spring Assizes in the absence of Judge Rose.

OCULAIRE.

OWEN SOUND.

The third annual conversazione of the Literary and Scientific Society of the Collegiate Institute here was held on Friday night, March 14, and was one of the most brilliant events of the season. The magnificent building was lighted and decorated most artistically. About 700 guests were entertained. The places of amusement on the second floor were an art gallery containing nearly 500 pieces; a museum of great variety; the Chemical Laboratory, where interesting experiments were performed during the evening; and a lime-light lecture room, where the series of views entitled Around the World in Eighty Minutes were exhibited under a powerful oxy-hydrogen light, accompanied by an explanatory lecture. On the third floor, in the Assembly Hall, an excellent entertainment in the form of a concert was provided. The guests departed about midnight.

CRONEY.

Hoosier Court Formality.

The lack of conventionality in Judge Gresham's court frequently results in some amusing situations. The other day the judge was in his room in the Federal building hearing an argument by A. C. Harris in an important case, when the door opened and in walked a countryman from Harrison County, Judge Gresham's old home. The visitor was a well preserved specimen of an independent farmer. His face, unshaven, was round and chubby; he wore a broad white hat; he was without collar, and his clothing and shoes showed yellow clay. He spit some "amber" when inside the door, and then, without noticing Attorney Harris or the other occupants of the room stalked up to Judge Gresham with:

"Well, how air you, Jedge? How's all the folks? I was in town on a little business, and I knew the folks down home would like to hear from you, so I come up to see you a little while."

Attorney Harris halted at a period in his argument, when, with both arms outstretched, he was about to clinch a point; he looked at the intruder a moment, who had not removed his hat, and then beckoned to Deputy Marshal Conway to have the man take off his hat.

Judge Gresham apparently did not notice the embarrassment of the attorneys and spectators. He arose from his chair, took his visitor by the hand, called him by his given name, asked him about all his family, also calling them by name, and said he was glad he had come in.

He chatted pleasantly with the old gentleman for several minutes, asking about many Harrison county people, and seemed to enjoy the call. All this time the attorneys and the deputy marshal were bewildered. The latter half feared it was his duty to prevent such an interruption of court, but he hesitated about moving. The farmer stood talking with the judge as freely as he would have conversed with his nearest neighbor over a rail fence, and when he was ready to go, he said: "Well, good luck to you, jedge; come down and see us." And he walked out as independently as he had come in.

The judge resumed hearing the case as if nothing had happened.—*Indianapolis News.*

Effect of a Refusal of a New Bonnet.

Husband—Mary, I saw a very handsome bonnet as I came down the street this morning.

Wife—Handsome bonnet! Well, suppose you did!

H.—I thought it would become you well.

W.—Become me! I don't want any more bonnets than I have now.

H.—You don't want another and newer fashioned bonnet?

W.—Certainly not.

The husband fell to the floor and died, and now his wife wonders what killed him.

No Use Talking to the Baby.

Percy (to mamma, who is saying very wise things to her youngest)—Mamma, what's the use of talking to the baby? He can't understand you.

Mamma—And why not, my boy?

Percy—Because he's bald and hasn't a single wisdom tooth in his head.

She Didn't Know.

Mr. Banque Clark—Now that you have made me the happiest of mortals, can I kiss you?

She—Never having any personal experience of your oscular abilities, Mr. Gesner, I do not know if you can, but you may.—*Our Girl.*

Working Him in Church.

(In a whisper.) "Shadbold, the basket is coming this way. Got a quarter?"

(Handing it over, reluctantly.) "Y-e-e-s, Wouldn't a dime have been enough, Dinguss?"

(Pocketing quarter with alacrity.) "It would, Shadbolt, it would. Lend me a dime."

For His Brother's Sake.

"Yes, sir—yes, sir—we are being taxed to death in this country!" he shouted, as the chairman of a Twenty-third Ward Taxpayers' Association stood on the rear platform of a street car.

"How much taxes do you pay, for instance?" quietly asked one of the group.

"How much? How much do I pay? I—I—well, I'm not talking for myself, but for my brother. His taxes would have been at least $12 this year if he hadn't sold out."

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

Mr. Jones—Why, Miss Church, at the theater last night! How is this for such a strict churchwoman as you?

Miss Church—One of the chief alms in Lent is to mortify the flesh. If any of my friends should see me here I should feel keener mortification than in any other way. So I have come for that purpose alone, and not to enjoy myself.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIS—At Toronto, on March 13, Mrs. Austin D. Ellis—a daughter.

DOUGLAS—At Toronto, on March 17, Mrs. D. G. Douglas—a son.

LEPPER—At Bolton, on March 18, Mrs. W. J. Lepper—a son.

ATKINSON—At Toronto, on March 14, Mrs. William F. Atkinson—a daughter.

GREGORY—At Toronto, on March 4, Mrs. R. Gregory—a son.

DENNIS—At Toronto, on March 13, Mrs. H. J. Dennis—a son.

WEBSTER—At Toronto, on March 13, Mrs. Henry C. Webster—a son.

HAY—At Toronto, on March 11, Mrs. John W. Hay—a daughter.

MACDONNELL—At Toronto, on March 14, Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell—a son.

ROBERTSON—At Toronto, on March 9, Mrs. Hugh Robertson—a daughter.

STEWART—At Lindsay, on March 17, Mrs. Thomas Stewart—a daughter.

Marriages.

LEE—CHISHOLM—At Hamilton, on March 12, Erland Lee to Nettie B. Chisholm.

SMART—MACMURCHY—At King, on March 12, James Smart to Jessie Macmurchy.

ARMSTRONG—THIRSK—At Scotstown, on March 12, Malcolm Campbell Armstrong to Sarah Jane Thirsk.

BAYNE—CARSON—At Wardsville, on March 12, James H. Bayne to Henrietta Carson.

Deaths.

TOREY—At Toronto, on March 13, infant daughter of G. E. and S. L. (Tiny) Torey.

SNIDER—At Toronto, on March 18, Mrs. George Snider, aged 47 years.

PEACOCK—At Bothwell, Ont., on March 14, Mrs. George Peacock, aged 67 years.

NEWTON—At Limehouse, Mrs. John Newton, aged 74 years.

RITCHIE—At Toronto, on March 17, William Ritchie.

THOMPSON—At Scarboro', on March 18, Francis Thompson, aged 68 years.

LANCELEY—At Hamilton, on March 18, Mrs. Jane Lanceley, aged 76 years.

BULLEY—At Teignmouth, Devon, England, on December 16, 1889, Kate Bulley, aged 29 years.

CARR—At Toronto, on March 14, Joseph Carr, aged 25 years.

JEFFERY—At Toronto, on March 17, John Jeffery, aged 25 years.

PARKER—At Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 15, May M. Parker, aged 22 years.

McKINNON—At Toronto, on March 14, Donald McKinnon, aged 69 years.

MARTIN—At Toronto, on March 13, only child of Owain and Margaret McGregor Martin, aged 3 years.

SAMSON—At Dixie, on March 17, Mrs. Jennet Samson, aged 56 years.

KELSO—At Belleville, on March 17, Thomas Kelso, aged 56 years.

IRWIN—At Clover Hill, Ont., on March 15, infant son of Harry Irwin.

LAPPIN—At Toronto, on March 17, Mrs. P. Lappin.

MULLIN—At Toronto, on March 16, Eliza Mullin.

CATHLINE—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on February 20, Philip A. Cathline, aged 75 years.

MORRISON—At Tor nto, on March 16, Robert Morrison, aged 54 years.

CAYLEY—At Toronto, on March 15, Mrs. Emma Cayley, aged 72 years.

EDGELOW—At Grimsby, on March 15, infant son of Rev. Octavius and Caroline H. B. Edgelow.

SHUTT—At Toronto, on March 17, W. D. Shutt, aged 68 years.

CAREY—At Toronto, on March 17, Robert Carey, aged 42 years.

McGREGOR—At Dufflows, Scotland, on March 12, John McGregor, aged 75 years.

BELL—At Toronto, on March 14, Amy Bell, aged 5 years.

SCHOFF—At Toronto, on March 14, youngest daughter of Elsie and Alice A. Schoff, aged 19 months.

SMITH—At Toronto, on March 14, Joseph Smith, aged 63 years.

SCRÊCE—At Newtonbrook, on March 13, Mrs. William Scrace, aged 42 years.

JONES—At Peterboro', on March 13, Mrs. Elizabeth Gertrude Ford Jones, aged 50 years.

LUSBOCK—At Markham, on March 13, Richard Lubbock, aged 26 years.

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